

THE

SMOKER



FOR SMOKERS

EDITED BY
ALFRED H.
MILES.

M

14000

14285

O. XVI. i.

20/



22200195595



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Wellcome Library

<https://archive.org/details/b29012132>

THE "SMOKER" RECITER.

63030

THE
"SMOKER" RECITER.

SELECTIONS FROM

J. M. BARRIE, G. A. SALA, H. S. LEIGH, G. MANVILLE
FENN, CAMPBELL RAE BROWN, MARK TWAIN,
HENRY LLOYD, THOMAS HOOD,
CHARLES LAMB, LEIGH HUNT,
DOUGLAS JERROLD.
ETC., ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY

ALFRED H. MILES.

LONDON:

S. H. BOUSFIELD & CO., LTD.,
NORFOLK HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, W.C.

Ms 85

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| WELLCOME INSTITUTE LIBRARY | |
| Call | welMOMac |
| Call | Gen Coll |
| No. | |
| | M |
| | W-1000 |
| | |

P R E F A C E.

MY father smoked, my mother did not ; and yet I have often seen her hand him his pipe and his tobacco jar. Smoking amused him, and she was able to minister to his amusement without indulging in his habit. Many of my reciter friends smoke ; I do not ; and in a similar way I hand them this collection of prose and verse, in the hope that it may facilitate their enjoyment, even though I may not follow their example.

There is a freemasonry among smokers whereby a man may often enjoy a smoke which otherwise he might miss, and happily there is a freemasonry among authors whereby an editor may enjoy privileges of selection which would otherwise be unavailable.

I have to acknowledge the favour of Mr. J. M. Barrie in permitting me to include his "Perils of not Smoking" from "My Lady Nicotine," and that of his publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, for kindly acquiescing in the same. I am also indebted to my old friend George Manville Fenn for the use of his ballad, "The Discovery of Tobacco," and to my friend F. Harald Williams for his

verses, "A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed," written for this book; also to Mr. Henry Lloyd for original contributions to this volume, and to Messrs. Cope & Co. for permission to reprint a number of Mr. Lloyd's contributions from "Cope's Tobacco Plant."

I would also, "with a lively sense of favours to come," acknowledge my many obligations to the public, "My very noble and approved good masters," to whom I have often appealed, and never in vain.

ALFRED H. MILES.

October 1, 1902.

CONTENTS.

| SUBJECT | AUTHOR | PAGE |
|--|--|------|
| THE PERILS OF NOT SMOKING . . . | <i>J. M. Barrie</i> . . . | 9 |
| THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO . . . | <i>G. Manville Fenn</i> . . . | 14 |
| SUBLIME TOBACCO | <i>Lord Byron</i> | 18 |
| A SNEEZE | <i>Leigh Hunt</i> | 19 |
| A TERRIBLE SMOKER | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 19 |
| BULWER LYTTON ON SMOKE | <i>Bulwer Lytton</i> | 23 |
| TOBACCO-SIS IN EXCELSIS | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 24 |
| OWED TO TOBACCO | <i>William Jones</i> | 25 |
| WHY MR. POTTLE DID NOT EN- COURAGE CHILDREN | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 27 |
| AN AIDER AND A BETTER | <i>Alfred H. Miles</i> | 32 |
| A FRAUD | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 33 |
| THE "MORRO CASTLE" | <i>G. A. Sala</i> | 36 |
| ONE GLASS TOO MANY | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 39 |
| MY THREE LOVES | <i>Henry S. Leigh</i> | 40 |
| FAREWELL TO TOBACCO | <i>Charles Lamb</i> | 42 |
| OUR FIRST CIGAR | <i>T. de Witt Talmage</i> | 45 |
| THE GIANT'S GHOST | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 47 |
| A NEW ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 59 |
| THE AGED PILOT MAN | <i>Mark Twain</i> | 66 |
| THE BACHELOR'S DREAM | <i>Thomas Hood</i> | 70 |
| IN NICOTINA | " <i>New York Life</i> " | 73 |
| A YARN | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 73 |
| HOME WORRIES | " <i>Boston Transcript</i> " | 75 |
| BOOTER'S SPOILED MEERSCHAUM | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 77 |
| THE HEADSMAN'S SNUFF-BOX | <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> | 83 |
| A LEGACY | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 83 |
| CHARACTER AS SEEN THROUGH SMOKE | <i>Alfred H. Miles</i> | 86 |
| MY PIPE AND I | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 89 |
| A FRIEND IN NEED | <i>F. Harald Williams</i> | 90 |
| AN INTER-WHIFF | " <i>Fun</i> " | 91 |

| SUBJECT | AUTHOR | PAGE |
|--|---------------------------|------|
| CHOOSING A WIFE | "Gentleman's Magazine" | 92 |
| HOW SLOTTER WENT TO BED HAPPY AND SATISFIED | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 93 |
| THE CASUAL'S LAST PIPE | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 100 |
| TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED | <i>Old Song</i> | 103 |
| MRS. CAUDLE ON SMOKING | <i>Douglas Jerrold</i> | 104 |
| THE LAST WEED OF WINTER | <i>Alfred H. Miles</i> | 106 |
| LOVE AND SELFISHNESS | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 107 |
| THE UNHAPPY KING | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 111 |
| THEORY AND PRACTICE | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 120 |
| RUE IS IN PRIME | <i>William Thomson</i> | 123 |
| MR. CRUMP | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 124 |
| A PAIR OF THEM | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 134 |
| CARLYLE ON SMOKING | <i>Thomas Carlyle</i> | 137 |
| BRUCE AND THE SPIDER | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 138 |
| A TIP-CAT | <i>William Thomson</i> | 141 |
| THE CRIMINAL | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 142 |
| THE ABBREVIATED COCKROACH | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 148 |
| MY OLD DHUDEEN | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 154 |
| POTTS' VOW | <i>Henry Lloyd</i> | 155 |
| A BALLAD OF A BAZAAR | <i>Campbell Raz Brown</i> | 159 |

THE
"SMOKER" RECITER.

EDITED BY
ALFRED H. MILES.



THE PERILS OF NOT SMOKING.

J. M. BARRIE.

(From "My Lady Nicotine.")

WHEN the Arcadians heard that I had signed an agreement to give up smoking they were first incredulous, then sarcastic, then angry. Instead of coming as usual to my room they went one night in a body to Pettigrew's, and there, as I afterwards discovered, a scheme for "saving me" was drawn up. So little did they understand the firmness of my character that they thought I had weakly yielded to the threats of the lady referred to in my first chapter, when, of course, I had only yielded to her arguments, and they agreed to make an appeal on my behalf to her. Pettigrew, as a married man himself, was appointed intercessor, and I understand that the others not only accompanied him to her door but waited in an alley until he came out. I never knew whether the reasoning brought to bear on the lady was of Pettigrew's devising, or suggested by Jimmy and the others, but it was certainly unselfish of Pettigrew to lie so freely on

my account. At the time, however, the plot enraged me, for the lady conceived the absurd idea that I had sent Pettigrew to her.

Undoubtedly it was a bold stroke. Pettigrew's scheme was to play upon his hostess's attachment for me, by hinting to her that if I gave up smoking I would probably die. Finding her attentive rather than talkative, he soon dared to assure her that he himself loathed tobacco and only took it for his health.

"By the doctor's orders, mark you," he said impressively, "Dr. Southwick, of Hyde Park."

She expressed polite surprise at this, and then Pettigrew, believing he had made an impression, told his story as concocted.

"My own case," he said, "is one much in point. I suffered lately from sore throat, accompanied by depression of spirits and loss of appetite. The ailment was so unusual with me that I thought it prudent to put myself in Dr. Southwick's hands. As far as possible I shall give you his exact words:

"'When did you give up smoking?' he asked abruptly, after examining my throat.

"'Three months ago,' I replied, taken by surprise, 'but how did you know I had given it up?'

"'Never mind how I know,' he said severely; 'I told you that, however much you might desire to do so, you were not to take to not smoking. This is how you carry out my directions.'

"'Well,' I answered sulkily, 'I have been feeling so healthy for the last two years that I thought I could indulge myself a little. You are aware how I abominate tobacco.'

"'Quite so,' he said, 'and now you see the result of this miserable self-indulgence. Two years ago I prescribed tobacco for you, to be taken three times a day, and you yourself admit that it made a new man of you. Instead of feeling thankful, you complain of the brief unpleasantness that accompanies its consumption, and now in the teeth

of my instructions you give it up. I must say the ways of patients are a constant marvel to me.'

" 'But how,' I asked, 'do you know that my reverting to the pleasant habit of not smoking is the cause of my present ailment?'

" 'Oh!' he said, 'you are not sure of that yourself, are you?'

" 'I thought,' I replied, 'there might be a doubt about it; though of course I have not forgotten what you told me two years ago.'

" 'It matters very little,' he said, 'whether you remember what I tell you, if you do not follow my orders. But as for knowing that indulgence in not smoking is what has brought you to this state, how long is it since you noticed these symptoms?'

" 'I can hardly say,' I answered. 'Still I should be able to think back. I had my first sore throat this year the night I saw Mr. Irving at the Lyceum, and that was on my wife's birthday, the 3rd of October. How long ago is that?'

" 'Why, that is more than three months ago. Are you sure of the date?'

" 'Quite certain,' I told him; 'so you see I had my first sore throat before I risked not smoking again.'

" 'I don't understand this,' he said. 'Do you mean to say that in the beginning of May you were taking my prescription daily? You were not missing a day now and then—forgetting to order a new stock of cigars when the others were done, or flinging them away before they were half smoked? Patients do such things.'

" 'No, I assure you I compelled myself to smoke. At least——'

" 'At least what? Come, now, if I am to be of any service to you there must be no reserve.'

" 'Well, now that I think of it, I was only smoking one cigar a day at that time.'

" 'Ah! we have it now,' he cried. 'One cigar a day, when I ordered you three. I might have guessed as much.'

When I tell non-smokers that they must smoke or I will not be answerable for the consequences, they entreat me to let them break themselves of the habit of not smoking gradually. One cigarette a day to begin with, they beg of me, promising to increase the dose by degrees. Why, man, one cigarette a day is poison; it is worse than not smoking.'

"'But that is not what I did.'

"'The idea is the same,' he said. 'Like the others, you make all this moan about giving up completely a habit you should never have acquired. For my own part, I cannot even understand where the subtle delights of not smoking come in. Compared with health, they are surely immaterial?'

"'Of course, I admit that.'

"'Then, if you admit it, why pamper yourself?'

"'I suppose because one is weak in matters of habit. You have many cases like mine?'

"'I have such cases every week,' he told me; 'indeed, it was having so many cases of the kind that made me a specialist in the subject. When I began practice I had not the least notion how common the non-tobacco throat, as I call it, is.'

"'But the disease has been known, has it not, for a long time?'

"'Yes,' he said; 'but the cause has only been discovered recently. I could explain the malady to you scientifically, as many medical men would prefer to do; but you are better to have it in plain English.'

"'Certainly; but I should like to know whether the symptoms in other cases have been in every way similar to mine.'

"'They have doubtless differed in degree, but not otherwise,' he answered. 'For instance, you say your sore throat is accompanied by depression of spirits.'

"'Yes; indeed the depression sometimes precedes the sore throat.'

"'Exactly. I presume, too, that you feel most depressed in the evening—say immediately after dinner.'

“‘That is certainly the time I experience the depression most.’

“‘The result,’ he said, ‘if I may venture on somewhat delicate matters, is that your depression of spirits infects your wife and family, even your servants?’

“‘That is quite true,’ I answered. ‘Our home has by no means been so happy as formerly. When a man is out of spirits, I suppose, he tends to be brusque and undemonstrative to his wife, and to be easily irritated by his children. Certainly that has been the case with me of late.’

“‘Yes,’ he exclaimed, ‘and all because you have not carried out my directions. Men ought to see that they have no right to indulge in not smoking, if only for the sake of their wives and families. A bachelor has more excuse, perhaps; but think of the example you set your children in not making an effort to shake this self-indulgence off. In short, smoke for the sake of your wife and family if you won’t smoke for the sake of your health.’”

I think this is pretty nearly the whole of Pettigrew’s story, but I may add that he left the house in depression of spirits, and then infected Jimmy and the others with the same ailment, so that they should all have hurried in a cab to the house of Dr. Southwick.

“Honestly,” Pettigrew said, “I don’t think she believed a word I told her.”

“If she had only been a man,” Marriot sighed, “we could have got round her.”

“How?” asked Pettigrew.

“Why, of course,” said Marriot, “we could have sent her a tin of the Arcadia.”



THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO.

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

HE was six-foot-one this son of a gun,
 And mahogany-brown was his nature ;
 With a rum-bloom nose of the tint of a rose,
 And a log of some forty-eight year.
 On the Western pier he cried, " What cheer !"
 As your humble servant he followed,
 And he clapt a paw to the side of his jaw,
 While with might and main he halloed—

" Ahoy ! a sail ! I'll tell you a tale
 O' the roaring, storming sea !
 There was Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
 And Doctor Dickhoree ;
 And me and Doe, the Holy Joe,
 And Jim with the squint and stutter,
 And Tom and Ike and Irish Mike
 Adrift in the second cutter.

" We sailed away on a summer's day
 Aboard o' the Gal-a-tee,
 For as long a cruise as the Cap. should choose,
 His instructions being free ;
 And we made the shore first off Singypore,
 At Pekin spent some days, oh ;
 We called on the Pope at the Cape o' Good Hope,
 And we wisited at Wollop-a-rayso.

It was off Japan as our woes began,
 For we met with a hurricane,
 And the poor old frigate began to jig it,
 And groan as if full of pain.
 And Capen Brown took the big chart down,
 As in dooty bound for to study,
 With a pipe in his mouth, sou'west by south,
 In the forrard part o' the cuddy.

“ Now, the Galatee was a-going free,
When she struck on the rocks that day,
On the larboard tack, and she broke her back,
And the devil and all to pay.
Some took to the boats with some biscuits and groats
As she went down in fathom five ;
And eight was the boats with the biscuits and groats,
And ninety the seamen alive.

“ First cutter went west, and she did her best
To leave all her mates behind,
The barge went east, with the waves like yeast,
And lay well up in the wind ;
The jolly-boat kept herself afloat,
While the pinnace was always baling ;
And the Capen’s gig and the dingy big
Went off to the south’ard sailing.

“ The poor old launch to a rock said *craunch*
And drove a hole in her bottom ;
But they made a plug o’ the purser’s rug,
And the jackets o’ them as had got ’em.
Then lay on their oars—just twice two fours—
As they kep’ us astarn and nigh by,
Till a big wave came as if for a game
And rocked ’em all off to bye-bye.

“ So there we ten o’ the best o’ men
All lay alone on the sea ;
There was Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
And Doctor Dickhoree ;
And me, and Doe, the Holy Joe,
And Jim with the squint and stutter,
And Tom, and Ike, and Irish Mike
Adrift in the second cutter.

“ We set a sail in the teeth of the gale,
And away to the north did go ;
Then we tugged at the oar for a fortnit more—
When the wind refused for to blow ;

But we made no port, and the grub run short,
 And the water was likewise failing ;
 And the Skipper and Luff says, ' the sitation's rough,'
 As they poured the last half-pint a pail in.

" Then Capen Brown, who had hungry grown,
 Unravelled a worsted stocking ;
 Made a hook of a pin, and he did begin
 To fish, but his luck was shocking.
 So our hunger to flummox, and stay all our stomachs,
 Which was going it hard on the rack, oh !
 He sat on the pail, and told us this tale,
 About what we'd got none of— that's bacco :—

" ' There were three jolly sailors' bold,
 As sailed across the sea ;
 They'd braved the storm, and stood the gale,
 And got to Virgin-nee.

'Twas in the days of good Queen Bess—
 Or p'raps a bit before—
 And now these here three sailors bold
 Went cruising on the shore.

" ' A lurch to starboard—one to port—
 Now forrard, boys, go we :
 With a haul, and a ho ! and a yo heave ho !
 To find out Tobac-kee.

" ' Says Jack, " This here's a rummy land ;"
 Says Tom, " Well, shiver me,
 The sun shines out as precious hot
 As ever I did see."

Says Dick, " Messmates, since here we be"—
 And give his eye a wink—

" We've come to find out Tobac-kee :
 Which means a drop to drink."

" ' Says Jack, says he, " The Injins think——"
 Says Tom, " I'll swear as they
 Don't think at all." Says Dick, " You're right ;
 It arn't their nat'ral way.

But I want to find out, my lads,
This stuff of which they tell ;
For, if as it arn't meant to drink,
Why, it must be to smell."

"Says Tom, says he, "To drink, or smell,
I don't think this here's meant."

Says Jack, says he, "Blame my old eyes,
If I'll believe it's scent !"

"Well then," says Dick, "if that arn't square,
It must be meant for meat ;
So come along, my jovial mates,
To find what's good to eat."

"They comed across a great green plant
A-growing tall and true ;

Says Jack, says he, "I'm precious dry !"
And picked a leaf to chew ;

While Tom takes up a sun-dried bit,
A-lying by the trees :

He rubs it in his hands to dust ;
And then begins to sneeze.

"Another leaf picks messmate Dick,
And holds it in the sun ;

Then rolls it up all neat and tight —
"My lads," says he, in fun,

"I mean to cook this precious weed."
And then from out his poke,
With burning glass he lights the end,
And quick blows up the smoke.

"Says Jack, says he, "Of Paradise
I've heerd some people tell."

Says Tom, says he, "This stuff will do,
Let's have another smell."

Says Dick, his face all pleasant smiles,
As from a cloud he roared,

"It strikes me here's the Capen bold,
To fetch us all aboard."

“ ‘ Up comes brave Hawkins from the beach—
 “ Shiver my hull ! ” he cries ;
 “ What’s these here games, my merry men ? ”
 And then—“ Why, blame my eyes !
 Here’s one as chaws, and one as snuffs,
 And t’other of the three
 Is smoking like a chimbley pot—
 They’ve found out Tobac-kee ! ” ’

“ ‘ So if as ever you should hear
 Of Raleigh, and them lies
 About his sarvant and his pipe,
 And him as “ Fire ! ” cries—
 You say as ’twas three marineers,
 As sailed to Virgin-nee,
 In brave old Hawkins’ gallant ship,
 Who found out Tobac-kee.

“ ‘ A lurch to starboard—one to port—
 Now forrard, boys, go we :
 With a haul, and a ho ! and a yo heave ho !
 To find out Tobac-kee.”

SUBLIME TOBACCO.

LORD BYRON’S “ THE ISLAND.”

SUBLIME tobacco which, from east to west,
 Cheers the tars’ labour or the Turkman’s rest ;
 Which on the Moslem’s ottoman divides
 His hours, and rivals opium and his brides ;
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
 Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand ;
 Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
 When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe :
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress
 More dazzlingly when daring in full dress ;
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
 Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar !

A SNEEZE.

LEIGH HUNT.

(From the Italian.)

What a moment ! what a doubt,
 All my nose, inside and out,
 All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
 Pyramid rhinocerostic,
 Wants to sneeze and cannot do it !
 Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
 Now with rapturous torment wings me,
 Now says : "Sneeze, you fool, get through it."
 What shall help me—Oh ! good heaven !
 Ah !—yes !—Hardham's—thirty-seven.
Shee !—shee ! Oh, 'tis most del *ishi* !
Ishi !—ishi !—most del *ishi*
 (Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring)
 "Snuff's a most delicious thing."

A TERRIBLE SMOKER.

HENRY LLOYD.

THIS adventure happened a good many years ago. I have never yet told it, because I thought people would not believe it ; but experience has shown me that people will believe anything. Also, the turning of my hair to iron-grey has hardened me against the opinion of people. To put it mildly, people be hanged !

At the time I met with the adventure I am about to relate I was a sentimental young man, with a moody and dishevelled appearance. I wore my hair long, and nocturnally prowled, behaving generally like an amateur lunatic. I was fond of reading poetry, and also fond of fancying I wrote it. I never published my poems—only one person besides myself ever saw them ; he was a publisher I was acquainted with. When I'd filled about a ream and a half of foolscap, I thought it was time the world had it to read. I didn't like to keep it (the world) waiting any longer, so

I offered the MS. to this publisher for £50. He said "he'd run through it." He took it into his inner office to do the feat of mental pedestrianism he had mentioned, and I waited nervously in the front shop. After the lapse of about twenty minutes his door flew open, and the publisher rushed out, with madness in his eye and his hair standing on end. I wondered if he usually ran through MS. in that fashion. He took no notice of me, but fled out of the shop, up the High Street, and away out on the common; he was found there about an hour afterwards, with his head inserted in a furze bush, muttering to himself, "Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet!" These words were the beginning of one of my poems. He was very ill for a week, and at the end of that time I received my MS. back—"Declined, with maledictions." However, this has nothing to do with my story; it merely came out through mentioning that it was about that time I met with my terrible smoker. I used sometimes to work up my inspiration in an old ruin at night. It was the ruin of an abbey, and stood about a mile out of my native town. I don't mind confessing now that I didn't like this old ruin at night—in fact, I was afraid of it; but I thought it was the correct thing to haunt it, twisting up my eyes to the moon, and invoking the Muses. A falling stone, or even the wind in the ivy, would sometimes knock the middle line of my sonnet into an exclamation of "Good graeious! what was that?"

I recollect *the evening* well; it was a bright moonlight night, and I felt pretty much at ease. I sauntered to the ruin, and, perching myself on a wall some six feet high, got out my note-book and pencil, to write an "Ode to Julia," a young lady with whom I was deeply in love. She would eventually have become Mrs. Goggs, but she said "No" instead of "Yes" when I asked her—a very simple reason, but sufficient.

I had got as far as "Oh! Julia, idol of my heart," when the church clock in the distance chimed the hour of ten. This disturbed my thoughts, and I looked round. I felt my heart, and I think about nine-eighths of the rest of my

internal economy, jump into my mouth. On a stone only a few yards away sat a big gaunt man, with a great shaggy beard. He had an immense pipe in his mouth, from which came forth such volumes of smoke as literally astonished me. He sat looking at the moon, with singularly wild eyes; he had no hat on, and this fact showed him to be possessed of a head of hair which for confusion could not possibly be beaten. He seemed to be utterly unaware of my presence, and I concluded to finish my "ode" some other time—for the present, to go; but as I made my first nervous move, he rose to his feet and advanced towards me—then I concluded to stay, and remarked that it was a fine evening.

"A fine evening!" he fiercely shouted; "why is it? Is it fine for the thief and murderer—eh?"

I tried to feel like a thief or a murderer for a little time, so as to be able to clothe my answer in satisfactory syllables; but I failed—I felt more like a jelly with the ague.

"I merely—meant," said I, "that—that—it—was nice and enjoyable—that is, the moon and the stars—are—enjoyable. I didn't mean the evening, so much as—as the stars, and—and the moon." I thought this a good point, but he soon ground it down.

"Ha! ha!" said he, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a moment. "You can't get off that way; 'tis a lie, sir, a lie! the moon and the stars are not enjoyable—not to me, whatever they may be to you. I want to crawl about the moon, and rub it and polish it—it's dull in places. I want to look into its holes, to dig into its hills, to speak to its people, and teach 'em how to smoke—to smoke, d'ye hear? I want to get about the stars, and scrape the gold off, and have a golden pipe and golden 'bacca-box. There's nothing enjoyable but 'bacca, 'bacca, 'bacca!" and he put the wrong end of his pipe in his mouth, and howled because it burnt his tongue.

I perceived the man was mad, and as well as I can recollect now I believe I felt a little alarmed; I think it struck me I should be happier at home. I thought it best to humour him, and by way of doing so said, "I believe you

are right, sir ; there is nothing so enjoyable as smoking," and I drew forth my own pipe, and proceeded to fill it with tobacco.

Directly he caught sight of my pipe—only a common wooden one—he began to dance with delight. "That's it ! that's it !" he shouted. "I've been looking for it a thousand years ; I lost it at the siege of Jerusalem."

I begged him to accept it. I said I knew it was his ; I found it at the siege of Jerusalem, and had been looking for him ever since, to restore it to him.

"No !" he said, "no ! I must take it from you ; I must hunt you for it."

"Don't," I said ; "pray, don't—it'll tire you. I'm not used to hunting ; I haven't hunted for years, I never could hunt, and I never enjoyed being hunted." But it was no use ; he kept dancing round me and howling, and blowing out volumes of smoke, and twisting his beard, waiting for me to start. What to do I did not know. I thought of something, and cried out, pointing behind him, "There he is !" and as he involuntarily turned his head, I sprang from the wall, and made across the ruin as fast as I could. Down came the man and pipe after me, and only a few yards behind me. I bounded across the grass and over the broken stones, reflecting on the length of his legs. I had no time to pick my way ; I rushed into a broken-down doorway and up some rugged steps ; I trusted yet to find some outlet and dodge him in the shadow, but there appeared to be only one way, and that was still up and up. Broken light came in through holes, but none of them large enough to hide in ; besides, he would have dragged me out. The ivy struck me in the face as I bounded up the steps, panting and crying out for help in fear ; but no help came, and just as I feared to fall from exhaustion, I came to the top of the steps and through a doorway into the open moonlight. My horror was intense ; I groaned in sheer despair ; a glance showed me that I was on a platform fifty feet at least from the ground, with no way of escape but the way I had come. The platform was not above ten feet square ; a

ruined wall some four feet high protected the edge at one part, and I got my back against that. Now we stood face to face. He clutched me by the collar. "Now I've got you! Ha! ha! ha! where's that pipe?"

In my flight I had dropped it! I tried to speak, but could not, so pointed down to the earth.

"You must go and fetch it," he said. I felt relieved, and said I was quite ready to start.

"Not down the steps," he said; "oh no!" and he pushed me steadily against the wall. I felt the rotten old wall giving way behind me, and thought my last hour was come; his bony hands were clutching my neck, and in that moment my fear was swallowed up in a fierce mad desire to kill the man who was glaring into my face; and at the same moment as the wall gave way to his wild strength, I clutched hold of his tawny beard, and together, with a cry of horror from me and a yell of triumph from him, we went, with a hideous crash, half a hundred feet, through trees and bushes, to the earth.

* * * * *

We were both killed on the spot!

BULWER Lytton, who found in tobacco a solace for domestic infelicity, compares woman, the Flower of society, with tobacco, the "weed," and that to the disadvantage of the former. He says,—

"He who doth not smoke, hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. 'What! softer than woman?' whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that, Jupiter! hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter! try the weed."

TOBACCOSIS IN EXCELSIS.

HENRY LLOYD.

THE summer blight was falling fast,
 When straight through dirty London passed
 A youth, who bore, through road and street,
 A packet, thereon written neat—
 “Tobaeco!”

His brow was glad, his laughing eye
 Flashed like a gooseberry in a pie ;
 And like a penny whistle rung
 The piping notes upon his tongue—
 “Tobaeco!”

In dusty homes he saw the light
 Of supper fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above, the ruddy chimneys smoked :
 And from his lips the word evoked—
 “Tobaeco!”

“Try not the weed,” his father said ;
 “I’ve smoked it till I’m nearly dead :
 Take not the juice in thy inside ;”
 But loud that jovial voice replied—
 “Tobaeco!”

“Oh ! stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
 Your weary head upon my breast.”
 A wink stood in his bright blue eye,
 And answered he, without a sigh—
 “Tobaeco!”

“Beware the briar’s poisoned root ;
 Beware the bird’s-eye put into’t :”
 This was his father’s latest greet.
 A voice replied, far up the street—
 “Tobaeco!”

At break of day, on Clapham Rise,
 A pot-boy opened both his eyes,
 And to himself did gently swear
 To hear a voice call through the air—
 “Tobacco!”

A traveller up a tree he found,
 Who smoked and spat upon the ground ;
 And there, among the blossoms ripe,
 He cried, while puffing at his pipe—
 “Tobacco!”

There, in the grayish twilight, “What’s
 That you’re saying?” queried Pots.
 And from the branch, so green and far,
 A voice fell like a broken jar—
 “Tobacco!”



OWED TO TOBACCO.

WILLIAM JONES.

(From *Bentley's Miscellany*.)

LET poets rhyme of what they will,
 Youth, beauty, love, or glory, still
 My theme shall be Tobacco !
 Hail, weed, eclipsing every flow’r !
 Of thee I fain would make my bow’r,
 When fortune frowns, or tempests low’r,
 Mild comforter of woe !

They say in truth an angel’s foot
 First brought to light thy precious root,
 The source of ev’ry pleasure !
 Descending from the skies, he pressed
 With hallowed touch Earth’s yielding breast,
 Forth sprang the plant, and then was blessed
 As man’s chief treasure !

Throughout the world who know thee not?
 Of palace and of lowly cot
 The universal guest!
 The friend of Gentile, Turk, and Jew,
 To all a stay—to none untrue,
 The balm that can our ills subdue,
 And soothe us into rest.

With thee—the poor man can abide
 Oppression, want, the scorn of pride,
 The curse of penury!
 Companion of his lonely state,
 He is no longer desolate,
 And still can brave an adverse fate,
 With honest worth and thee!

All honour to the patriot bold,
 Who brought, instead of promised gold,
 Thy leaf to Britain's shore.
 It cost him life; but thou shalt raise
 A cloud of fragrance to his praise,
 And bards shall hail in deathless lays
 The valiant knight of yore.

Ay, Ralscigh! thou wilt live till Time
 Shall ring his last oblivious chime,
 The fruitful theme of story.
 And man in ages hence shall tell,
 How greatness, virtue, wisdom fell,
 When England sounded out thy knell,
 And dimmed her ancient glory.

And thou, O plant! shall keep his name
 Unwithered in the scroll of fame,
 And teach us to remember:
 He gave with thee, content and peace,
 Bestowed on life a longer lease,
 And bidding ev'ry trouble cease,
 Made Summer of December!

WHY MR. POTTLE DID NOT ENCOURAGE CHILDREN.

HENRY LLOYD.

BEFORE presenting Mr. Pottle's statement to the public, I feel it to be my duty to say just a word or two, explaining what manner of man Pottle is. He is an individual of considerable imagination, and I always receive his anecdotes and adventures cautiously. I should not like to accuse him of wilfully telling lies; but I think, if he were to bevel his narratives a little, as a shoemaker does a clump sole, his hearers would have a better chance of arriving at the exact truth of the matter. He would certainly never affirm that black was white; but I believe there are moments in his existence when he would swallow Blue Point oysters with his eyes shut, and call them "natives."

Mr. Pottle was not the most successful of pipe-colourers; two meerschaums and three clay pipes constituted his collection. These five, however, were "as black as some people's ten," as he used to say, and he was very proud of them. "When I start on a pipe, I never leave it till it is black; I either colour the pipe, or the pipe colours me." This was Pottle's boast.

There was only one of Mr. Pottle's pipes thoroughly sound; all the rest had been broken and repaired, some more than once, as the various silver bands testified.

One of his clay pipes had three silver bands on. He was sitting smoking it at my fireside one evening, when I remarked that it must have cost him a good deal more for repairs than the original cost of the pipe. "Very true," returned Pottle. "The pipe cost me twopence, and I paid four shillings to have it mended." Here he suddenly

paused, gazed abstractedly into the fire, and gave vent to the exclamation "Ah!" I asked him how he managed to break it. Pottle looked at me, took a good drink of ale, and spoke thus:—

"You may have heard, Didimus, that I am not fond of children. Do you think that is the truth?"

"Well," I replied, "from what I have seen of you, I should think you are not fond of children."

Pottle, with a chuckle, said: "I daresay there are some of my friends who half believe that I have cut an infantile throat or two, but they are wrong. I don't mind telling you that I am fond of children, but I do not wish them to be fond of me. Nothing pleases me better than the sight of one of the dear little cherubs with his attention fixed on some one else. I think it the prettiest picture in the world, and my heart warms to the little one, but I am compelled to dissemble. At one time it was different. I used to encourage children to love me; I coaxed them till they did. I put up with many inconveniences; I parted with all my odd halfpence, ruined my pockets with sweetstuff and gingerbread, and put more than one stationer into a little fortune by my large orders for children's books. The youngsters climbed on to my knees, greased my clothes, tore my pockets, pulled my whiskers, plastered my hair, nestled on to my shirt front to hear my watch tick, wore my hats, and played horses with my umbrellas; in fact, made a martyr of me. But I bore patiently with all, because, although a bachelor, I had a fondness for children, and because I believe I was beloved by all these little ones.

"There is a proverb," continued Pottle, "which says something about a worm turning. Sometimes an incident happens to a man which changes his whole after career. An incident of an alarming nature occurred to me, which once and for ever wrought a complete change in my ways with children. Perhaps it ought not to have changed my ways, but it did. In fact, I have never got over the shock.

"Some six or seven years ago," Pottle went on, "I lived a few miles from town. It was a considerable distance

from the railway station to my home, but it was a pleasant country walk, so I did not mind it. I frequently noticed, on my morning journey, a bright-eyed little fellow, about six years of age, playing at the door of a good-sized cottage. Sometimes he was in the road, sometimes in the garden. My natural love of children gave me a desire to make friends with this pleasing juvenile; so one morning I ventured to say to him, 'Hallo! old fellow, how are you?' At this he took to his heels and ran indoors. Two or three mornings after this I saw him again, and smilingly said, 'How is my little friend to-day?' This time he did not run away, but contented himself with making a grimace at me, and went on whipping his top. This sort of thing went on for about a week, and then we began to get quite friendly. In a day or two more he began to trot a little way after me, acting as a sort of rear-guard, and in a few days more he got trotting by the side of me, holding my hand. Matters improved, as I foolishly thought, for he began to come a little way to meet me, and would not be content to leave me till I arrived at the station. One morning I was so pleased with his brightness and intelligence that at parting I gave him a halfpenny, and told him to be a good boy.

"The next morning he was waiting for me quite a long way from his own home. The moment he saw me he showed me three-halfpence. 'When I get another penny,' said he, 'I shall buy a cricket ball.' 'I am afraid the child is inclined to be greedy,' I thought, 'but I will not encourage him.' 'I should like a cricket ball,' said he presently, as we jogged along; 'I shall buy one when I get another penny.' To take his attention off the subject I inquired: 'Do you go to school?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'but this afternoon is a holiday, and I shall play at cricket if I can get a ball; I only want another penny.' I frowned, and said, 'Can you play cricket?' for I hardly knew what to say, the youngster was so full of his cricket ball. 'Yes,' he replied, 'when I get a ball I can.' I rather thoughtlessly walked fast, and could hear, amidst his infantile pantings:

'Three-halfpence—penny—cricket ball,' etc. I did not mean to do it, but my heart was soft, and I gave him the lookcd-for penny when we parted.

"The next morning I was somewhat surprised to see that my small friend had a little girl with him. I did not feel very greatly pleased at this. The girl, who was a couple of years or so older than my original friend, turned out to be his sister; and, when I took hold of his one hand she took hold of his other, and threc in a row we went to the station. At parting, the little girl said 'Good-morning, sir,' so nicely that I was compelled to give her a copper, and, as the boy dropped his lip, I couldn't help giving him one as well.

"The next morning these youngsters were waiting for me with a third, a boy, a year or two older than the little girl; I suppose he was about nine or ten years of age. This was another brother, and, as if they were born to it, they clasped hands, my first-found friend maintaining his original position. I scarcely knew what to do. I felt like a man kidnapping some other man's family. In fact, I got so painfully nervous that I halted some distance from the station, and gave each of my companions a copper to get rid of them.

"I looked eagerly ahead next morning, and saw, to my dismay, the three children and rather a shaky adult coming slowly along the road to meet me. The adult turned out to be grandfather. The old style was reproduced, the only difference being that there was now a man at each end of the little line. The clasping of hands was strictly observed, as on former occasions. I felt very much like a fool. The old man said, 'Good-mornin', sir; an' so you're the kind gen'l'man as gives the young uns coppers? Bless 'ec, sir, thec beest one in a many.' I could not retort crossly to this, but walked a bit slower to oblige the old gentleman. On the road he took occasion to say, as he glanced at the pipe I was smoking: 'Beautiful thing, 'bacca, sir, ain't it?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'its soothing power is very remarkable.' 'That's truc as truc, sir,' said the old fellow, shaking his head solemnly; 'the greatest comfort I've got now, now I'm

old, and weak, and poor, and broke up, and broke down, is a bit o' 'bacca. I can't allus get it, cos times is 'ard ; but when I do get it, it's real 'joyment, that it is.' I always sympathise with a lover of the weed, being fond of it myself ; so, at parting, although I was very much annoyed, I felt compelled to give the old fellow twopence to get a little tobacco. The children simply held out their hands for a copper each, as if they had done their work and were entitled to their wages.

"I came to town that day feeling hot, awkward, and extremely ill-tempered. What to do I scarcely knew. There was only one other road I could take to this station, and that was quite a mile out of my way. The affair weighed on my mind terribly.

"The next morning (oh, how I had been wishing it would rain in torrents !) I started out in a very disagreeable mood. I felt that I could quarrel with almost any one, and yet I felt that I could not be mean enough to quarrel with helpless infancy or helpless age. I was obliged to confess that it was my own fault in making so free with the first of my now dreaded companions ; and I made a vow, which I have kept, that I would never encourage children again.

"My intense horror may be imagined when I saw a second adult, making a cheerful party of five, waiting for me. This was an old lady, and turned out to be grandmother. They gave me 'Good-morning,' and faced right-about, like volunteers ; then off we went. Six-year-old clasped my hand, eight-year-old clasped six-year-old's other hand, ten-year-old took the disengaged hand of eight-year-old, and grandfather and grandmother gripped on at the end. I had not gone far before grandmother regretted she had no snuff to offer me. As the old lady was extremely feeble, I conducted my menagerie a very little way before I hauled out twopence for snuff, twopence for tobacco, and a halfpenny each for the youngsters. Then I made off. I was nearly mad. Come well or ill, I determined to go the long way round the next morning.

"It happened, however, that I was very late in getting up

on the following morning, and so was compelled to go the usual way. I assure you I nearly fell down when I saw a third adult with the party, another female.

“‘Good-morning, sir,’ said the six in chorus; and then the grandfather continued: ‘This is Aunt Stevens, sir; not exactly an aunt by blood, but a sort of half-aunt by marriage. You’ll like her, sir, when you know her better.’

“Now or never, thought I, for my blood was up. ‘Hold!’ I shouted. ‘I can stand this no longer. While you confined yourselves to your own blood, I bore it; but I cannot stand a sort of half-aunt by marriage. I must draw the line somewhere, or I shall have you advertising for all your dead and forgotten relations, and dragging them or their ghosts down this lane to meet me.’

“Saying this, I took to my heels, the three youngsters after me, crying out for their halfpence. I, of course, beat them in the race; but, turning my head to see if they had given over running, I managed to jerk this pipe out of my mouth; it dropped on to the ground, and broke into four pieces. I never said a wicked word in my life but once, and it was when I picked up the fragments of this pipe, for it was beautifully coloured, and exceedingly sweet to smoke. It cost me, as I told you, four shillings to have it mended.

“Well,” concluded Pottle, “for three months I went to the railway station by the longest route, and I have never seen anything more of my tormentors from the day I showed my heels to them to this, and I trust I never shall.”

AN AIDER AND A BETTER.

ADA and Anna were two pretty maids;

I was partial to both of them rather;

And speaking to Ada I tried to persuade her

To tell me to speak to her father.

She did, and I spoke; and he gave me a smoke

As he said in a joeular manner,

“How can you have Ada? And how can I *aid her*?

You see you already *havannah!*”

A FRAUD.

HENRY LLOYD.

HE was an old impostor ;
But I've no right to foster
Spite and anger, though he cost a
 Crown to me ;
Being innocent and pure,
In my life and looks demure,
I was open to a "doer"
 Such as he.

He'd a pipe for sale or barter
(The hour was ten or arter),
He suggested I should start a
 Cloud at once ;
But I hesitated greatly,
For the truth was, until lately
I'd been living as sedately
 As a dunce.

Then he took me to a corner,
And he told a tale forlorn
Than could Niobe, the scorner
 Of the gods :
How he'd been himself disgracing
With a passion for horse-racing,
And his fortune been misplacing
 On the "odds."

How his money went like winking,
And his wife had died through drinking,
While his daughters took to rinking
 And the stage.

How his sons gave way to riot
And to most expensive diet,
Depriving him of quiet
 In old age.

Then this lamentative croaker
 Told me how the heartless broker
 Seizéd, right down to the poker,
 All he had ;
 And how he swift was going,
 Nothing paying, plenty owing,
 Reaping what he had been sowing,
 To the bad.

“ Won't you help a poor old sinner,”
 Said he, “ to another dinner ?
 Every day I'm growing thinner
 And more weak.
 What's the money ? But a dollar.
 On the pipe's a silver collar,
 Solid, sir ; it isn't ' holler.'
 Truth I speak.

“ This meerschaum, my temptation,
 Led me into dissipation,
 And to bitter degradation,
 And to woe.
 The only relic this is
 Of my late lamented ‘ missis ;’
 She gave it me with kisses,
 Years ago.

“ Why, sir, it's worth a guinea ;
 And a man must be a ninny,
 With a soul half starved and skinny,
 Not to see.
 I never was so cut up,
 The pawnshops are all shut up,
 And I've nowhere to put up ;
 Woe is me !”

At his story agonising,
 It was not at all surprising
 That I felt my pity rising
 To my eyes.

This he saw, and said, "I knew it ;
I felt sure that you would do it.
Buy it, sir ; you'll never rue it,
 'Tis a prize."

Then I paid the money weakly,
And I took the bargain meekly,
Though I thought it did feel treaclely
 To my hand.

And the old man with the rhino
Walked away. The pipe was mine, O,
With its amber mouthpiece fine, O,
 All so grand.

Next morn I stormed and stuttered,
And the syllables I uttered
Were not sugared, no, nor buttered ;
 Yea, I swore !

For that lachrymose old sinner,
Wanting just another dinner,
Was a shark, a thief, a skinner,
 And a fraud !

The collar he had staded
Solid silver, was but plated,
And the glass mouthpiece it mated
 With the rest.

While his dismal long narration
Was a wicked fabrication,
Served with sobbing hesitation
 From his breast.

The pipe was some vile putty,
Not so wholesome as a cutty,
With its inside made all smutty,
 Plain to see.

The colour and the flavour
Had been baked in by the shaver,
Who prepared the thing to have a
 Fool like me.

THE "MORRO CASTLE."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

IN "Under the Sun," Mr. George Augustus Sala gives the following characteristic sketch of an old landmark long since swept away by "Time's effacing fingers." "There used," he says, "some years ago to be a little tobacconist's shop somewhere between Pall Mall and Duncannon-street, by the sign of the 'Morro Castle.' It was such a little shop, and it smelt so strongly of cedar and of the Indian weed, that it was itself not unlike a cigar-box. Here I used to think a threepenny cigar about the greatest luxury in which a young man of pleasure could indulge; but a luxury only to be ventured upon at the occurrence of solemn festivals, and when the treasures of the mines of Potosi, to the extent of a few shillings, lay loose in one's waistcoat pocket. There *were* threepenny cigars in those days, and they were delicious. I am afraid that the manufacture has ceased or that the threepennies have lost their flavour, for Ensign and Lieutenant Dickeystrap, of the Guards, declares that you cannot get anything fit to smoke under ninepence, and that a really tolerable 'weed' will 'stand you in' eighteenpence. Prince Fortunatus, they say, gives half-a-crown apiece for his Regalias.

"The 'Morro Castle,' however, did a very modest but, I believe, remunerative business in cigars at from threepence to sixpence each. Well do I remember courtly old Mr. Alcachofado, the proprietor of the 'Morro'—always in the same well-buttoned frock-coat, always with the same tall shiny hat with the broad turned-up brim, always puffing at, apparently, the same stump of a choice hondres. It was well worth while laying out threepence at the 'Morro Castle'; for in consideration of that modest investment, you were treated, for at least five minutes, like a peer of the realm. Mr. Alcachofado himself selected your cigar,

and, if you approved of it, snipped off the end in a little patent machine, and presented it to you with a grave bow. You proposed to light it ; but this Mr. Alcachofado would by no means permit. He drew a splint from a stack in a japanned stand, kindled it at the gas-jet, and with another bow handed it to you. If you wished to fill the heart of Mr. Alcachofado with anguish, and to pass in his eyes for a person of the very worst breeding, you would, when the splint had served your turn, cast it on the floor, and trample it under foot. I have seen the proprietor of the 'Morro' glare at people who did this as though he would have dearly liked to take off his curly-brimmed hat and fling it at their heads. Regular customers knew well the etiquette of the 'Morro,' which was gently to blow out the tiny flame of the splint, and place it horizontally on the top of the fascies in the japanned tin box. Then *you* bowed to Mr. Alcachofado, and *he* bowed in return ; and taking a seat, if you liked, on a huge cigar chest you proceeded to smoke the calumet of peace. Did I say that for five minutes you would be treated like a nobleman ? You might softly kick your heels, and meditate on the transitory nature of earthly things, in that snug little shop for nearly half an hour. Threepenny cigars lasted five-and-twenty minutes in those days. Austere personages of aristocratic mien patronised Mr. Alcachofado. They looked like County Members, Masters in Chancery, Charity Commissioners. They looked as though they belonged to Clubs. They called the proprietor Al-catch-anything, without the Mr. He was gravely courteous to them, but not more so than to humbler patrons. I remember that he always took in the second edition of the *Globe*. I have, in my time, bespoken it, I think, not without fear and trembling, from a Baronet. They were affable creatures, those exalted ones, and talked sedate common places about the House, and the crops, and the revenue, until I used to fancy I had land, and beeves, and a stake in the country. There was only one absolutely haughty customer. He wore a spencer and gaiters, and sometimes swore. He

smoked a costlier cigar than the ordinary race of puffers ; and one had to rise from the big cigar-chest while Mr. Alcachofado, a shining bunch of keys in hand, like a discreet sacristan, unlocked his treasure-coffer, and produced regalias of price. Yet even this haughty man in the spencer gave me a bow once when I brushed by him in the lobby of the House, where I had been waiting two hours and a quarter, on a night Sir Robert Peel was 'up,' in the vain hope of getting into the strangers' gallery, with an Irish member's order.

"The haughty man thought he knew me. I felt so proud that I had my hair cut the very next day, and determined, like Mr. Pepys, to 'go more like myself !' A grave company we were at Mr. Alcachofado's. Now and then, on opera nights, dandies in evening dress would stroll in to smoke a cigarette. There was great scandal one evening—it was Grisi's benefit—when a tall young man, with a white cravat and a tawny moustache, ordered Mr. Alcachofado to 'open him a bottle of soda, and look sharp !' Those were his very words. There was a commotion among the customers. Soda-water ! Was this a tobacconist's and fancy stationer's in the Clapham-road ? As well might you have asked the beadle of St. George's, Hanover Square, for hot whiskey-toddy between psalm and sermon.

"Mr. Alcachofado, under the circumstances, was calm. He gave the tall young desperado one look to wither him, and in slow and measured accents, not devoid of a touch of sarcasm, replied,—

"I sell neither soda-water, nor ginger-beer, nor walking-sticks, nor penny valentines, sir !"

"The customers grimly chuckled at this overwhelming rebuke. There was nothing left for the tall young man but to withdraw ; but, as I was nearest the door, I am constrained to state that as he lounged out he remarked that the 'old guy,' meaning Mr. Alcachofado, 'seemed doosid crusty.'"

ONE GLASS TOO MANY.

HENRY LLOYD.

I DO admit I wasn't well,
I'd been to see a friend—a swell,
And he my frequent thirst to quell,
 Had primed me well with sherry ;
He wasn't put to much expense,
The bottle cost but eighteenpence,
'Twas economic, in a sense,
 But it was wretched, very.

So when we parted, on a cup
Of tea I felt inclined to sup,
Well pleased to see, on looking up,
 A restaurant quite handy :
I found it was a gloomy den,
Where fed about a dozen men,
I took a seat, and summoned then
 The waiter, fat and bandy.

While he was gone to fetch the tea.
I saw a fellow glare at me,
Just opposite, with scowl as he
 Were looking at his debtor ;
And so, although the place was dim,
I sat and scowled a scowl at him !
I fancied that he looked more grim—
 But my scowl was the better.

I said : " I'll give you two black eyes ;"
He looked a ditto,—'twasn't wise
To make my angry passions rise,
 For reason none whatever ;
And so I called the waiter stout,
And said : " Please put that person out ;
Insulting prig ! " I saw a pout,
 And thought the title clever.

The waiter smiled a feeble smile,
 And stroked his double chin awhile,
 Then muttered sadly, "Bile, sir, bile !
 Bad liquor, and dejection ;
 You would not have me collar him,
 For all he looks so gaunt and grim ;
 You're looking at a mirror dim,
 And that is your reflection."

The moral of my tale is clear,
 To all who care to read or hear,
 To moderation's laws adhere,
 Be wise, though you are merry.
 Be sure, before with rage you burst,
 You know who is your foeman first ;
 And never try to quench your thirst
 On eighteenpenny sherry.



MY THREE LOVES.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

[*London Magazine, November, 1875.*]

WHEN life was all a summer day,
 And I was under twenty,
 Three loves were scattered in my way—
 And three at once are plenty.
 Three hearts, if offered with a grace,
 One thinks not of refusing ;
 The task in this especial case
 Was only that of choosing.
 I knew not which to make my pet—
 My pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

To cheer my night or glad my day
 My pipe was ever willing ;
 The meerschaum or the lowly clay
 Alike repaid the filling.

Grown men delight in blowing clouds,
 As boys in blowing bubbles—
 Our cares to puff away in crowds,
 And banish all our troubles.
 My pipe I nearly made my pet,
 Above cigar or cigarette.

A tiny paper, tightly rolled
 About some hatakia,
 Contains within its magic fold
 A mighty *panacea*.
 Some thought of sorrow or of strife
 At ev'ry whiff will vanish ;
 And all the scenery of life
 Turn picturesquely Spanish.
 But still I could not quite forget
 Cigar and pipe for cigarette.

To yield an after-dinner puff
 O'er *demi-tasse* and brandy,
 No cigarettes are strong enough—
 No pipes are ever handy.
 However fine may be the feed,
 It only moves my laughter,
 Unless a dry delicious weed
 Appears a little after.
 A prime cigar I firmly set
 Above cigar or cigarette.

But, after all, I try in vain
 To fetter my opinion ;
 Since each upon my giddy brain
 Has boasted a dominion.
 Comparisons I'll not provoke,
 Lest *all* should be offended.
 Let this discussion end in smoke,
 As many more have ended.
 And each I'll make a special pet,—
 My pipe, cigar, and cigarette.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

CHARLES LAMB.

(Arranged.)

MAY the Babylonish curse
 Straight confound my stammering verse,
 If I can a passage see
 In this word-perplexity,
 Or a fit expression find,
 Or a language to my mind
 (Still the phrase is wide or scant),
 To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
 Or in any terms relate
 Half my love, or half my hate :
 For I hate yet love thee so,
 That, whichever thing I show,
 The plain truth will seem to be
 A constrained hyperbole,
 And the passions to proceed
 More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
 Bacchus' black servant, negro fine ;
 Lo ! for thy pernicious sake,
 More and greater oaths we break
 Than reclaimed lovers take
 'Gainst women : thou thy siege-dost lay
 Much too in the female way,
 While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
 Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
 That our worst foes cannot find us,
 And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
 Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;
 Thou through such a mist dost show us,
 That our best friends do not know us,

And, for those allowéd features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras—
Monsters that, who see us, fear us ;
Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, are but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant ;
Thou art the only manly scent.
Most stinking of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, Aconite——

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee ;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee ;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike,
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,

Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;
Friendly Trait'ress, Loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or as men, constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants) must leave thee.
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she who once hath been
A king's consort is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain ;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys ;

Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife ;
And still live in the byplaces
And the suburbs of thy graces,
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

OUR FIRST CIGAR.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

THE time had come in our boyhood which we thought demanded of us a capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could neither abide sight nor smell of the Virginian weed. When ministers came there, not by a positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to which would be the safest, they whiffed their pipes on the back steps. If the cause could not stand sanctified smoke you may know how little chance there was for adolescent cigar-puffing.

By some rare good fortune which put into our hands twopence, we found access to a tobacconist's. As the lid of the long fragrant box was opened, and for the first time we owned a cigar, our feelings of elation, manliness, superiority, and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. Our first ride on horseback, though we fell off before we got to the barn, and our first pair of new boots (real squeakers), we had thought could never be surpassed in interest ; but when we put the cigar to our lips, and stuck the lucifer-match to the end of the weed, and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, our satisfaction with this world was so great, our temptation was never to want to leave it.

The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked our determination to the utmost. You see that our worldly means had limited us to a quality that cost only twopence. But we had been taught that nothing great can be accomplished without effort, so we puffed away. Indeed, we had heard our elder brothers in their Latin Lessons say, "Omnia vincit labor!" which translated means, "If you want to make anything go you must scratch for it."

With these sentiments we passed down the village street and out towards our country home. Our head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to us which side of the street we were on. So we crossed over, but found ourselves on the same side that we were before we crossed over. Indeed, we imagined that we were on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams driving between. We met another boy, who asked us why we looked so pale, and we told him we did not look pale but that he was pale himself. We sat down under the bridge and began to reflect on the prospect of early decease and the uncertainty of all expectations.

We had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the worth of our money, but were obliged to throw three-fourths of it away, yet knew just where we threw it in case we felt better the next day. Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded that we should state what kept us out so late and what was the matter with us.

Not feeling that we were called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase our parents' apprehension that we were going to turn out badly, we summed up the case with a statement that we felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. We had mustard plasters administered, and careful watching for some hours, when we fell asleep and forgot our disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of our first cigar.

THE GIANT'S GHOST.

HENRY LLOYD.

O'BIGGIN, the giant, was great in height ;
Though he was not one of the sort that fight
 With clubs so huge and heavy.
He never dined off human food
Or quenched his thirst with infant blood
 At banquet or at levée.
He had no castle huge and black,
With a dungeon deep wherein to pack
 Each victim of ambition ;
His place of abode was a painted van,
And he was a quiet and peaceable man—
 A giant on exhibition.

At fairs he was seen, at revels, and wakes,
With other strange sights, 'mid the swings and the cakes ;
Comical dogs and performing fleas ;
Circuses and industrious bees ;
Highlanders scrubby about the knees,
Making their bagpipes snort and wheeze ;
Scratchers to worry and toys to please ;
Waxwork Daniels, and lions four :—
Lawk ! how the lions used to roar,
And frighten the folks, and shake the floor ;
Gingerbread, to tickle the gums,
Trumpets and gongs, and fiddles and drums ;
Gipsies dark and maidens fair ;
Lottery boxes the youth to ensnare ;
Ale and porter, of which, beware !
Tragedy men with their tragic glare,
Naphtha lamps with their dangerous flare ;
Shouting and laughter, here and there—
In fact, you know,—all the fun of the fair.

Sam Wills, who hired this giant out,
 At these glad times would yell and shout,
 The while his gong assailed all ears,
 "Walk up, walk up, my little dears,
 And see the real and living giant ;
 His arms are long and strong and pliant,
 His height's exactly eight feet ten ;
 He is the tallest of all tall men !
 His massive limbs and brawny shoulders
 Are the hadmiration of hall beholders ;
 He steps six feet, can carry a ton,
 Yet he's mild as a lamb, and full of his fun.
 And for his dinner every day
 He manages to eat, I say,
 A whole large sheep from head to tail,
 With a bushel of 'taters, and a barrel of ale.
 Walk up, walk up, my little dears ;
 He's werry tame, so have no fears."
 Of course Sam Wills exaggerated
 In these things which he always stated.
 The giant was near eight feet high,
 But exceedingly lean ; and a Watling's pie,
 Or a moderate steak, was all he got
 For his mid-day meal, with a fourpenny pot
 Of single stout
 To fill him out
 And keep him straight ; there was risk, you know,
 Of his doubling up in that small show.
 He was woefully weak in the back and knees,
 And always sat down ere he ventured to sneeze.

For a long, long time, year in, year out,
 Sam Wills and O'Biggin roamed about ;
 'Till at ast in their travels up and down
 They stayed awhile at a sea-side town ;
 And there poor O'Biggin was taken ill ;
 So the doctor was sent for, a man of skill,
 And quickly he came with powder and pill,

And the nasty stuff to cure or to kill,
That they pour down your beak just to run up your bill.
He felt his pulse and examined his tongue,
And carefully sounded each faulty lung ;
Then whispered to Wills with a lengthening face :
“ I am sadly afraid it's a serious case.”
And the giant grew worse, and said, “ Oh dear,
Mister Wills ; our engagement is over, I fear !
I feel I shall die, but before I go,
Your attention I beg, for a minute or so.”

Poor Sam bent down with a tear in his eye
To hear O'Biggin's last good-bye.

“ When I am dead,”

The giant said,

“ Let not the green turf lie over my head ;
But row me out ten miles to sea,
And in the briny bury me.
These many years I've been on show,
And gaping faces in a row
These many years have haunted me ;
So 'tis but fair, as you'll agree,
That I should not again be shown
Without my flesh, as a man of bone.
The doctors I know would greedily bite
At a skeleton standing such a height ;
So I fear they would dig up the stones,
And grass and turf, and bone my bones ;
They'd boil and scrape 'em, and then you'd see 'em
In an attitude stuck in some museum.
So promise me now, dear Sam, old friend,
You won't let me meet so distasteful an end.

Cremation with me

Would much better agree,

Than standing up stiff like a winter-stripped tree.

I never could bear

To go anywhere

Without plenty of clothes. Why, the thought lifts my hair,

That I should be seen, not only *sans* raiment,
But without all my flesh, for a trifling payment.
 Without the least pride
 They'd go peeping inside,
And such an inspection I never could bide.
So row me out, and fling me deep
In ocean's bed, where I shall sleep
With soles and shrimps, and harmless dabs ;
You know I always did like crabs.
Put a weight at my feet, and a weight at my head,
And bury me thus when I am dead.
Will you promise ?" " I will," said Sam, and sighed ;
And two days after the tall man died.

The doctor gazed upon the dead
From head to feet, and feet to head,
 And gave a natural sigh ;
" So tall," said he, " to be cut short
Just in his prime ; I really ought
To have him, if he can be bought,
 At all events, I'll try.
His skeleton, so great and tall,
Would look well by my study wall,
 Or in my surgery."

He gazed till his fancy took eager wing,
And he pictured the lanky and grisly thing
Standing on guard with a terrible grin,
As the folks shuddered out and the folks shivered in.
Then this medical man sought poor Sam out,
Whose cup of trouble was full, no doubt,
To overflowing, like bottled stout.
 The giant dead,
 His profits had fled,
So his heart was sad, and his eyes were red.
The doctor, he spoke with a sorrowful smile,
But he jingled his sovereigns all the while.

And he said to Wills,
" These are the pills
That will help to cure your manifold ills."

Sam resisted awhile, for the last request
Of his friend deceased still haunted his breast,
But at last gave way, and disposed of the body
For fifty pounds and a glass of toddy.

The doctor lay in bed one night,
His heart was full of great delight,
And jolly satisfaction.
The giant's fears had come to pass ;
They'd bared his mighty bones—alas !
A bad and bare-faced action.

Oh, grim it looked, and white, and tall,
His skeleton by the study wall,
A paradox to great and small ;
Sensations two it gave to all—
Repulsion and attraction.

The doctor slept, and his peaceful snore
Was heard for an hour, or rather more,
When he woke with a start
And a beating heart ;
For he heard a sound that made him quake.
The doors and the windows went shivery-shake,
The ceiling quivered, the floor-boards groaned,
While the window curtains swayed and moaned.
His nightlight faint most bluely burned,
And the cowl on his chimney screamed as it turned ;
The tick of his clock, it turned to a giggle,
While the posts of his bedstead seemed to wriggle.
His chest of drawers, it heaved with sighs,
And the fingers of fear propped open his eyes,
For stealing silently into his room,
He saw a shape in the midnight's gloom—
A giant spectre of monstrous height,
That glared at him in the awful night.

He could not speak,
 Nor scream, nor shriek,
 But he gazed on the ghost with its bloodless cheek,
 And shivered and shook, in abject fear,
 As the terrible presence drew more near.

The spectre spoke in sepulchral tones :
 "You villainous knave, to strip my bones.
 I little thought such vice was in you ;
 You've confiscated every sinew.
 Oh, wicked and impious M.D.,
 All lookers-on can see through me.
 Where are my calves ? Reveal their doom.
 My heart, affection's drawing-room ?
 Heartless I stand, as you lie there,—
 I'll bore you, though I am all bare.
 Gone are my cheeks, for which I pine ;
 'Twas like your cheek to damage mine.
 Take you my bones from off their stand
 Convey them from the hateful land,
 And sink them deep into the sea,
 Or ne'er shall you be quit of me.
 For I will haunt you day and night,
 And fill your soul with dire affright ;
 I'll spoil your trade, I'll ruin your custom,
 And as to your bottles of physic, I'll bust 'em !
 I'll shiver your lamps upon their posts,
 I'll make this a house of call for ghosts,
 And fill it from bottom to top with groans,
 If you don't at once get rid of my bones.
 Now, monster, reply. Wilt do what I say ?"
 "Oh yes ! yes !! yes !!! yes !!!! but do go away."

The spectre was gone, but the doctor lay
 All aquake with fear till the break of day,
 As pallid as whitewash and chilly as clay ;
 For over him horrible fear held sway,
 Like wicked King Richard in Shakespeare's play,
 When he woke from his slumber in horrid dismay ;

With a catch in his breath,
Just the same as Macbeth,
When his crimes stood before him in dreadful array.

Next morn the doctor hunted out
A boatman, sturdy, strong, and stout.
A bargain was struck—a pound the fee—
To sink these bones in the deep, deep sea.
“Now mind you come,” the doctor cried.
“Bring a sack to put the bones inside,
And keep it dark ; ’twill do no good
To spread it about the neighbourhood
That I’m sinking a skeleton ; that’s my fad,
Or fancy, or whim, but they’d call me mad.
So mention it not, to gratify me,
And I’ll give you—advice ; without any fee.”
“All right,” said the boatman, “you’ll hear me knock
As it’s striking ten by the Town Hall clock.”

As the clock struck ten, came a knock at the door ;
The doctor perspired from every pore,
And starting, muttered, “Oh lor ! oh lor !”
The door was opened, the man came in,
His voice was thick with a flavour of gin.
In trembling haste, and with pallid faces,
They moved the things from their various places,—
Oh, hideous things, in bottles and cases,
Mostly preserved, for unnatural merits,
In what Mrs. Brown would call bottles of “sperrits.”
There were hands and feet, and fingers and toes ;
Here was an ear, and there was a nose ;
Skulls in plenty of curious shapes ;
Skins of serpents, and paws of apes ;
A small hyena, without any eyes ;
And a dumb man’s tongue of extra size.

A toper’s nose
Like a ruddy rose ;
An Indian’s foot with superfluous toes ;

A jawbone found in an oyster bed ;
And a tail that was cut from a Chinaman's head ;
 Microscopic preparations,
 Monsters too, and malformations ;
 Objects with wings,
 And claws, and stings ;
The bit of the throat with which one sings,
And numberless other remarkable things.
 They had to shove and shift them,
 And push and tug and lift them,
To get at the skeleton tall and thin,
That overlooked all with a vengeful grin.
 Then they laid him flat
 With his head on the mat,
And the heart of the doctor went pit-a-ti-pat,
As he took firm hold of that fleshless jaw,
And set to work with his mallet and saw.
 Then the bones went crack
 As he lay on his back,
And soon poor O'Biggin was all of a wrack.
So they tumbled him into a musty sack ;
In a heap disgraceful his bones they pack.
For one foot lay where his heart should beat,
While his head rolled into the place of his feet ;
And his elbow joints, and ribs, and knees,
Lay all together, like boughs of trees
Felled and fallen, and all forgotten,
Lying away till they're dead and rotten.

And now the toilers paused a space,
With a brace of drams their nerves they brace.
And the doctor lifted up the sack
And settled it down on the boatman's back.
The door was opened, and out they strode,
Choosing the darkest side of the road.
Then out of the town, and over a hill,
And past an ugly, black-looking mill,

That stood like a murderer ready to kill.
And through a meadow, and over a stile,
They kept up the tramp for a good half mile—
Three of them doing this journey lone,
Two in the flesh, and one in the bone ;
Two of them living, and one of them dead,
Two on their feet, and one on his head.
And the living tramped o'er the shingle and stones,
While the dead man grinned, and rattled his bones.
The stars were hidden, the night was dark,
When the fearful couple launched their bark,
With its troublesome burden of troublesome bones ;
And the doctor's hands were as cold as stones,
And he uttered a sigh and several groans,
As each took an oar in his trembling hand,
To pull the vessel away from the land.
 Wild winds o'er the sea
 Moaned dismally
With very loud tones, in a minor key,
While the sky bent low with an ominous frown,
As the boat went up, and the boat went down.
 Each sullen wave
 Was black as a grave,
And the doctor he pulled like a galley slave ;
Though he tried to be cheerful, and whistle a stave,
But he shivered and shook like a man in fits,
And bit his whistling all to bits.
So on they went, and up and down,
Till far in the distance faded the town ;
And the lights blinked dull on the distant shore,
While the wind and the waves moaned more and more.
Then the doctor carefully shipped his oar,
 And began to drag
 At the horrible bag ;
 But he dropped the sack
 As he fell on his back,
And covered his eyes with a cry and a shudder ;
For there sat the ghost on the top of the rudder.

Ho! ho! he! he!
 What a spectral spree.
 The winds may howl and the waters may beat,
 And the tumbling billows go head over feet,
 And the spiteful night spit pitiless sleet,
 And surly old Neptune his threats repeat,
 'To swallow the boat
 Down his bottomless throat;
 But the spectre unmoved keeps his perilous seat.
 Said the ghost at length: "We're a mile from the shore,
 So you need not trouble to row any more.
 Now, Doctor,"—he spoke in determined tones,—
 "I'll open the sack, and count my bones;
 If one is missing 'twixt toe and eye,
 That one from your body you must supply."
 The doctor with fright was ready to die,
 Not a word did he dare to say in reply;
 But he thought the more, and it made him moan.
 Suppose he should lose some useful bone?
 To lose a bone from his bunch of digits
 Is enough to give any fellow the fidgets;
 While the bone from the wrist,
 The "Carpus," if missed,
 Would interfere sadly with cribbage or whist.
 Let any one steal
 The "Os Calcis" or heel;
 The "Patella" or knee pan; how would a man feel?
 Suppose, too—and this is an awful suppose—
 That the "Femur," or even the "Tibia," goes:
 They help us to travel, as every one knows,
 Being levers for muscles, for lifting our toes.
 Then if he should find that his jawbone was missing,
 Oh, what a sad end to all feasting and kissing!
 This would be the case,
 For what Alice, or Grace,
 Would go kissing a man with a lop-sided face?
 At municipal feed,
 'Too, poor fellow, he'd need

To suck turtle soup through a straw or a reed.
While, worse would it be than inquisitors' rack,
To lose a large bone from the small of the back,
And the doctor quaked with consternation,
At the thought of so horrid an operation.

"I perceive," said the ghost, "they are all of them here
Except one!" Here the doctor howled out in his fear.
"That one I must have; 'tis useless to holler!
My collar-bone's lost, so your bone I must collar."

Meanwhile the boatman shivered,
And prayed to be delivered,
As up and down the boat it tossed.
He wasn't afraid of being lost,
But of being found,
At the bottom, drowned;
And losing his life as well as the pound.

He uttered a groan
In a plaintive tone;
He hoped the ghost might let *him* alone,
But he was afraid, just a little bit—
The bone of the doctor might not fit;
And the ghost, in a bit of ghostly fun,
On seeing the size of the doctor's bone,
Might not be contented with one alone,
And to make full weight take two for one.
So he sat and he groaned in the midnight rude,
Till a thought struck him which changed his mood.
The thought was this—that a ghost must go
When the voice of a cock is heard to crow,
E'en Hamlet's father acknowledged 'twas so,—
A respectable spectre, who ought to know.

So shaking with fright
In the dreary night,
At the sight of the ghost in ghostly white;
He put up his hands, so cold and blue,
To his mouth, and crew
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

With frantic gesture in desperate mood,
He crew like a mighty farm-yard brood,—
Cochin-china, Black Spanish, and Bantam small—
As well as he could, he crew like all.
And triumph was his, for the ghost was gone
At the very first sound of that awful tone.

The bones were scattered here and there ;
 So ere they dared to turn them back
 They bundled them into the sack,
And then, with never a chant or prayer,
'Twas lifted high into the air,
 And in it went—dash !
 With a dismal splash !
And out of sight as quick as a stone.
Then both stood still, for they heard a moan,—
One huge reverberating groan,
Of hideous and blood-curdling tone,
An awful wail, a piteous cry,
That sank down low, and mounted high,
And filled the air, and sea, and sky ;
And each with a shiver cried, “ Oh my ! ”

“ Make haste,” cried the doctor ; “ let's be gone,
Before he comes back for my collar-bone.”
“ All right,” said the boatman ; “ he won't come back.”
“ He won't ; why not ? ” “ ‘ Cos we've give him the sack.”

Then away they pulled, and swiftly rowed,
 Till they reached the shore at last,
And beached the boat, and took to the road,
 At a pace uncommonly fast.
And the doctor he lived for a long time in fear,
But the ghost was good-natured, and never came near.

Be warned then by this tale of bone,
And always let the dead alone ;
And if a ghost should frighten you,
Remember Cock-a-doodle-doo.

A NEW ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY: IMPORTANT
DISCOVERY.

HENRY LLOYD.

As most of my friends well know, I have often suffered because of my devotion to the weed. Once again have I been martyred on the shrine of St. Nicotine. Once again have I waddled through the slime of despondency and misfortune, only to arrive at what is vulgarly known as "a forty-bob fine." This sum I trust you will at once subscribe for me; although ten times that amount can never repay me for the hurt to my feelings what time the frantic howl of triumphant jubilation arose from half a hundred anti-throats when my sentence was pronounced in open court.

Quite recently I had to take a journey by railway. These are things I do not like; I would rather take pills. What with permanent ways that are not permanent; tires with flaws in them; signal men, foolish-virgin-like, with no oil in their lamps; pointsmen without rest; rail examiners without bolts and screws; and starters of trains who, when they don't know, guess, railway travelling will soon be getting unsafe. However, I had to go.

To get to the station my way lay across a common, and here I was attacked by a fly. The antis say that we smokers are safe from the attacks of insects. Here let me solemnly say, without imputing falsehood to any one, the antis lie—lie most profoundly.

I took no notice of the fly at first, thinking it would soon go away; but I was deceived. It flew round and round my head, blundered into my eyes, attacked my ears, hid in my hair, came flop against my hat, dodged under my

chin, and then rested on my nose, keeping up all the while a most ferocious buzzing, as if actuated by feelings of bloodthirsty and implacable hatred towards me.

I grew warm ; I struck at it with my umbrella and missed it ; I grew warmer, and made a mighty dab at it as it landed for a moment on my right eyebrow. I missed the brute again, and struck myself violently on the nose, knocking my hat off at the same time. This made me mad, and I stopped to express my feelings, snapping at the fly fiend with my teeth, as a dog might. My language was not bad, but there was a conspicuous absence of well-chosen and healthy words in my remarks. I endured this sort of thing for a mile, and then the fly suddenly left me. I was in such an upset state of mind that I knew nothing but a smoke would restore that habitual calm for which I am so famed.

Up and down the platform I hurried, seeking for a smoking compartment ; but there was not one with a vacant place for me. All the smoking compartments were full—not of smokers—oh dear no!—there were some smokers, but the rest were unmistakable antis, being mostly women, infants, and young lads.

Determined not to be done out of my smoke, I entered an empty compartment ; and, getting into a corner, lit my pipe. Two or three minutes with the sublime weed did me a power of good ; and I was getting happy, and beginning to view that fly with some degree of Christian forgiveness, when just as the train moved the door opened, and in flew a portmanteau, then an umbrella, then an elderly gentleman, who as soon as he was scated began to cough and sneeze and gasp in a most alarming fashion, glaring horribly at me all the time. At length he observed, in a fierce tone, "Sir, I object to smoking!"

"Then, sir," I replied, with a wink worth money, "do not smoke."

"But, sir," he continued excitedly, "I object to you smoking that pipe!"

"I'm very sorry, but it's the only one I have with me, or else I would try another," I said.

“ I object to you smoking any pipe, or cigar, or tobacco in any form, shape, or receptacle whatever ! ”

“ That is another matter ; does it affect your comfort ? ”

“ It makes my head ache.”

“ Shows it’s not made of wood.”

“ It makes my nose tingle, and my tongue taste foul.”

“ Cheap way of trying poultry. Anything else ? ”

“ It makes my clothes odorous.”

“ Splendid fumigator !—will keep away all vermin.”

“ May I ask you to put that pipe out ? ”

“ Certainly you may.” I still continued smoking.

“ Sir, I command you to put that pipe out ! ”

“ Will you let me smoke if I hold my head out of the window ? I want to smoke bad.”

“ No ! ”

“ If I stand on the seat and blow the smoke through the ventilator ? ”

“ No ! ”

“ If I lie on the floor, and push the smoke out under the door ? ”

“ No ! ”

“ If I swallow the smoke ? ” I shouted.

“ No ! ” yelled my opponent.

“ We are in the majority, sir. The pipe and myself are two ; you are only one. We like smoking ; you dislike it. To smoke or not to smoke ? Two for, one against ; carried in favour of smoke ; quite a permissive bill arrangement. Is that not satisfactory ? ”

“ Don’t be flippant, sir ; this is a serious matter.”

“ It is serious—to me.”

And so it was. There was I in the full enjoyment of as fine a blast as was ever seen. The smoke I created all went out at the window and could not annoy my fellow-passenger, and yet—oh, he was vicious !—presently he yelled, “ Will you put that pipe out ? ”

“ Out where ? ” I yelled in return ; for I felt wickeder towards him than I had previously felt towards that fly, and determined to finish my pipe. This accomplished, we sat

with folded arms and a glare apiece that would have done credit to the finest melodramatic actor. It so happened that the first station we came to was the landing-place of each of us. The old gentleman called the station-master, and desired him to obtain my name and address. I scorn to deceive a fellow-creature; and so it came to pass that a few days afterwards, in answer to a summons, I found myself in a police-court to answer the charge of unlawfully busting up the regulations of the railway company by smoking in a carriage that was not set apart for smoking, to the annoyance of a fellow-passenger.

I defended myself as best I could, thinking that would probably cost me—or, rather, you—less. The old gentleman gave his evidence and the guard gave his, which amounted to the fact that the compartment certainly did smell a little thick.

“Now,” said the magistrate, “Mr. Goggs, what have you to say to this?”

“Three things, my lord—your worship I mean. First: I thought the carriage would be the better for fumigation, as it smelt fusty.”

“Yes—go on.”

“Secondly: after my fellow-passenger got in I thought he would be the better for fumigation, as he appeared to me to be in a sickly state of health.”

“But it appears,” said the magistrate, “that your fellow-passenger did not require, in fact—that he objected to fumigation.”

“Your worship,” I replied, “there is not one man in a hundred knows when he does require fumigation. There is a deep-seated imbecility in the human mind that leads men to believe they are well when they are not well, and it is the duty of observant and Christian persons like myself to note and attempt to cure these ailments, even against the will of their ignorant possessor. Allow me one moment to illustrate. In the streets of Russia it is no uncommon thing to see a man seize violently the nose of a stranger, and proceed to tweak, pull, punch, and rub it in a most

alarming and offensive fashion. Why is this? The nose is getting frost-bitten, but the possessor thereof is unaware of the fact. The other man can see it plainly, and sets to work accordingly. Does the man with the demoralised proboscis complain? No! he submits with a good grace; and when the operation is concluded the happy pair go round the corner for drinks. That is a case of observant and active philanthropy *versus* an outrage on common courtesy: manners submit to a slight outrage that man may benefit; and my case, I think, is similar. I could go into the psychological——”

“Don’t!” interrupted the magistrate, “you have gone deep enough already. Give me your third reason for smoking when this gentleman desired you to desist.”

“Your worship,” I resumed, “I trust my third reason will prove conclusive. I have been subject all my life to sudden rushes of blood to the head. The only thing that can relieve me is a pipe of tobacco. During the continuance of these rushes, if I do not smoke, I am liable to two things—either to deadly faints or murderous passions; and would that Christian man, the complainant, like to have seen me stretched at his feet like a cold corpse, or like to have been stretched at my feet a lifeless and murdered man, slain by the irresponsible fist of the lamb-like Goggs?”

“Have you anything else to say?” asked the magistrate; “any more reasons?”

“Any more, your worship? I should think I have. Could I eat a tart?—I beg your pardon; could I produce another reason? Ay, forty reasons!”

“Well, sir,” said the magistrate, with a happy smile on his well-fed face, “we will dispense with the forty reasons and be satisfied with forty shillings, for that is the sum I must fine you, with costs; and I should advise you not to break the law again.”

The court was crowded with antis, and they laughed with joy, and embraced, and raised their voices and cried aloud when that bland old Solomon on the bench spake my doom.

I of course paid the fine; and, to hide my sorrows, I

sought a quiet house of refreshment, and over a tankard of the meekest ale I ever tasted I solemnly smoked a pipe.

Presently there entered a little man, with a small black pipe in his mouth. He ordered a glass of brandy-and-water, and sat opposite to me. Shortly he coughed; and, looking sympathetically at me, said, "Frightful shame!"

"Ay?" I said, for I was in a fit of abstraction.

"Frightful shame—forty bob! don't you know him?"

"Know who?" I asked, with a look of wonder.

"Old boy—prosecutor—bloke what run you in."

"Oh! yes, I know him now; 'tho' lost to sight, to memory dear."

"He did it on purpose," said the little man, elevating his eyebrows.

"I suppose he did," I returned. "I can hardly think it was an accident."

"No, no," replied the little man. "What I mean is, he got in that carriage on purpose; he's always a-doing of it. He's president of the new secret society."

"What society?" I eagerly inquired.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, because you have been bit once, and I don't like to see a man bit twice," replied my companion; "but my wife's brother's uncle belongs to it, and that's how I come to know all about it; but you must keep it dark."

"My dear friend," I exclaimed, rising and grasping his hand, "there are men who, I admit, can keep things pretty gloomy, but I defy you to find another man who can keep things in such inky and absolute darkness as I can. What'll you have?"

Over a friendly glass I gleaned the information I now send you.

There is now a secret society of antis at work. It is known as "The Grand Order of the Dark Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Railway Anti-Tobaccoites." Men, women, and children are admitted as members. The oath of allegiance is administered over a heap of broken pipes, cigars, and tobacco-boxes. The society is divided into

three classes : "The Uneasyists," "The Chokers Off," and "The Quiet Biters." The rules are as follows :—

1. "The Uneasyists" are always to ride in smoking compartments, and, by relating sad instances of the evil effects of smoking, and by coughing much, and exhibiting signs of distress, persuade smokers to relinquish their favourite pastime. Stout old ladies with asthmatic tendencies, and delicate mothers with children, are implored to join this class, and do their utmost to release our dear old England from the curse of smoking.
2. "The Chokers Off" are always to ride in smoking compartments, and, by crowding in with the "Uneasyists," to so fill the seats that smokers shall have no room in smoking parts of the train, and shall so be compelled to ride in non-smoking compartments.
3. "The Quiet Biter" is *on no account to ride in a smoking compartment*. He is to select a *non-smoking compartment* wherein he sees an individual smoking, or about to smoke, or one who looks as if he meant to smoke, or might be tempted to smoke under favourable circumstances. "The Quiet Biter" is to let him begin, and then tell him to put his pipe out, in such a manner that he is sure not to obey him. He must then have him summoned and fined.

It appears that I had got hold of "A Quiet Biter" (in fact, the President), or, rather, he had got hold of me.

If anyone doubts the truth of my story let him look into the smoking compartments of a full train and see for himself.

But O, ye "Uneasyists," and ye "Chokers Off," 'ware ! all of ye ! Havoc ! has been cried, and the Goggs of war is loose. The Old Dhudeen, burdened with the nicotine of a score of rolling years, is in his cheek, 'bacco, seven times strong, and black as the inside of night, is in his pouch, and vengeance is in his heart !

THE AGED PILOT MAN.

MARK TWAIN.

ON the Eric Canal, it was,
All on a summer's day,
I sailed forth with my parents
Far away to Albany.

From out the clouds at noon that day
There came a dreadful storm,
That piled the billows high about,
And filled us with alarm.

A man came rushing from a house,
"Tie up your boat I pray!
Tie up your boat, tie up, alas!
Tie up while yet you may."

Our captain cast one glance astern,
Then forward glancèd he,
And said, "My wife and little ones
I never more shall see."

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
In noble words, but few—
"Fear not, but lean on Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through."

The boat drove on, the frightened mules
Tore through the rain and wind,
And bravely still in danger's post,
The whip-boy strode behind.

"Come 'board, come 'board," the captain cried,
"Nor tempt so wild a storm;"
But still the raging mules advanced,
And still the boy strode on.

Then said the captain to us all,
 "Alas, 'tis plain to me,
The greater danger is not there,
 But here upon the sea.

So let us strive, while life remains,
 To save all souls on board,
And then if die at last we must,
 I *cannot* speak the word !"

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
 Tow'ring above the crew,
"Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
 And he will fetch you through."

"Low bridge ! low bridge !" all heads went down,
 The labouring bark sped on ;
A mill we passed, we passed a church,
 Hamlets, and fields of corn ;

And all the world came out to see,
 And chased along the shore,
Crying, "Alas, the sheeted rain,
 The wind, the tempest's roar !
Alas, the gallant ship and crew,
 Can *nothing* help them more ?"

And from our deck sad eyes looked out
 Across the stormy scene :
The tossing wake of billows aft,
 The bending forests green,

The chickens sheltered under carts,
 In lee of barn the cows,
The skurrying swine with straw in mouth,
 The wild spray from our bows !

“She balances?

She wavers!

Now let her go about!

If she misses stays and broaches to

We’re all”—[then with a shout,]

“Huray! huray!

Avast! belay!

Take in more sail!

Lor! what a gale!

Ho, boy, haul taut on the hind mule’s tail!”

“Ho! lighten ship? ho! man the pump!

Ho, hostler, heave the lead!

“A quarter-three!—’tis shoaling fast!

Three feet large!—t-h-r-e-e feet!—

Three feet scant!” I cried in fright,

“Oh, is there *no* retreat?”

Said Dollinger the pilot man,

As on the vessel flew,

“Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,

And he will fetch you through.”

A panic struck the bravest hearts,

The boldest cheek turned pale;

For plain to all, this shoaling said

A leak had burst the ditch’s bed!

And, straight as bolt from crossbow sped,

Our ship swept on, with shoaling lead,

Before the fearful gale!

“Sever the tow-line! Stop the mules!”

Too late! . . . There comes a shock!

* * * * *

Another length, and the fated craft

Would have swum in the saving lock!

Then gathered together the shipwrecked crew
And took one last embrace,
While sorrowful tears from despairing eyes
Ran down each hopeless face ;
And some did think of their little ones
Whom they never more might see,
And others of waiting wives at home,
And mothers that grieved would be.

But of all the children of misery there
On that poor sinking frame,
But one spake words of hope and faith,
And I worshipped as they came :
Said Dollinger the pilot man—
(O brave heart, strong and true!)—
“ Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
For he will fetch you through.”

Lo ! scarce the words have passed his lips
The dauntless prophet say’th,
When every soul about him seeth
A wonder crown his faith !

And count ye all, both great and small,
As numbered with the dead !
For mariner for forty year,
On Erie, boy and man,
I never yet saw such a storm,
Or one ’t with it began !

So overboard a keg of nails
And anvils three we threw,
Likewise four bales of gunny-sacks,
Two hundred pounds of glue,
Two sacks of corn, four ditto wheat,
A box of books, a cow,
A violin, Lord Byron’s works,
A rip-saw and a sow.

A curve ! a curve ! the dangers grow !
 “Labbord !—stabbord !—s-t-e-a-d-y !—so !—
Hard-a-port, Dol !—hellum-a-lee !
 Haw the head mule !—the aft one gee !
 Luff !—bring her to the wind !”

For straight a farmer brought a plank,—
 (Mysteriously inspired)—
 And laying it unto the ship,
 In silent awe retired.
 Then every sufferer stood amazed
 That pilot man before ;
 A moment stood. Then wondering turned,
 And speechless walked ashore.



THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
 My curtains drawn, and all is snug ;
 Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.
 Last night I had a curious dream ;
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
 I could but woo and she was won,
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,
 The ring was placed, the deed was done !
 Away we went in chaise and four,
 As fast as grinning boys could flog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

What loving *tête-à-têtes* to come !
But *tête-à-têtes* must still defer !
When Susan came to live with *me*,
Her mother came to live with *her* !
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too—what work he made !
The sister introduced a beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid :
She had a tabby of her own—
A snappish mongrel christened Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The monkey bit—the parrot screamed,
All day the sister strummed and sung ;
The petted maid was such a scold !
My Susan learned to use her tongue :
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sat and croaked like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

No longer "Deary," "Duck," and "Love,"
I soon came down to simple "M" !
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

My clothes they were the queerest shape !
Such coats and hats she never met !
My ways they were the oddest ways !
My friends were such a vulgar set !

Poor Tomkinson was snubbed and huffed—
 She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
 Mamma must mingle in the song—
 The sister took a sister's part—
 The maid declared her master wrong—
 The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
 My life was like a London fog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
 As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
 She forced me to resign my club,
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
 And when I tried to steal away,
 I found my study full of whist!
 Then, first to come and last to go,
 There always was a Captain Hogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
 For one who single is and snug,
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair
 And Tray reposing on the rug?
 If I must totter down the hill,
 'Tis safest done without a clog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

IN NICOTINA.

(From New York *Life*.)

OH! she was a gay little cigarette,
And he was a fat cigar,
And side by side, on a tabouret,
They stood in a ginger jar.

Tho' nary a word could I understand,
(For they chattered in actobac),
Yet wonderful things I am sure they planned ;
Like lovers all do—alack !

To-day she's a sad little cigarette,
For gone is her brave cigar,
And all alone on the tabouret
She stands in the ginger jar.

Ah! love is a marvellous thing, 'tis true,
And many a fault 'twill cloak—
But often it ends, as the dream of these two,
In nothing at all but smoke.

A YARN.

HENRY LLOYD.

It was in blazing hot July,
When, sailing far from shore,
We spied the monster sea-sarpen't,
Who raised his head to roar.

His head rose up just like a house,
His eyes like lamps did glare ;
And when he saw our purty ship,
He 'gan to fight the air.

“ Oh ! Captain, we shall all be killed ! ”
Said the little cabin boy ;
“ Methinks we will,” said the captain bold ;
And then he sang “ Ahoy ! ”

“ If any man will stop that beast,
So that he cannot come,
I’ll give to him a fi’pun’ note,
And a double ’lowance of rum.”

Then the mate he thought of summat else
And went away, tip-toe ;
And the bo’s’n for his whistle went,
Which he had left below.

And all the men there trembled so,
There tremblings could be heard—
Fear occupied their craven hearts.
They never spoke a word.

Then up the Captain spoke to me—
“ Will you go Grizzly Bill ? ”
“ Yes, Cap’n, that I will,” says I ;
“ And I’ll give him a pill.”

Five pounds of ’Bacca then I took,
And soaked it well in rum ;
And then I took the jolly boat.
But no one else would come.

I took a cannon straight aboard,
That fired a nine-pound ball ;
I loaded it with powder then,
But ne’er a shot at all.

I poked the wadding in a-top,
And then I poked the weed ;
I rolled it up in sausage shape,
The gaping gun to feed.

And then I rowed a mile away,
Toward the des'prate beast ;
His head lay right nor'-east by west,
His tail sou'-west by east.

Soon as he saw the jolly boat
He opened wide his mouth.
And I saw twenty rows of teeth,
That reached from north to south.

I let him come within ten yards.
A-thinking me to catch ;
He opened wide his grievous jaws.
And I applied the match.

Oh ! Cap'n, you should seen him squirk,
And heard the critter smile,
When straight into his inner snake
That pill went half-a-mile.

The rum it made him very drunk,
The 'Bacca made him ill ;
And so he took a long blue draught,
As well as a black pill.

I reached the ship ; we crowded sail,
Like men escaped the dead ;
And when we looked our last on him,
He stood upon his head.



HOME WORRIES.

(Boston Transcript.)

As homeward comes the married man,
He's met by wife at door,
With fond embrace and loving kiss,
And—"Baby's throat is sore !"

- "And did you think to stop at Brown's
And get that stir-a-bout
I ordered yesterday?—and, dear,
Fred's boots are wearing out!
- "I'm glad you are so early, John,
So much I miss you, dear—
I've had a letter from mamma:
She's coming to live here.
- "How very glad you look, dear John,
I knew that you would be—
The flour's out, the butter, and
You must send home some tea.
- "That plumber has been here again;
If you don't pay he'll sue;
And later on the landlord called
To say the rent is due.
- "Fred's trousers are half cotton, John,
You thought they were all wool—
Oh! that reminds me that your son
Was whipped to-day at school.
- "The roof has leaked, and spoiled the rugs
Upon the upper hall;
And Jane must go, the careless thing!
She let the mirror fall.
- "To-day, as she was moving it
(The largest one, dear John),
Of course it broke; it also broke
The lamp it fell upon.
- "What makes you look so grave, my love?
Take off your things, and wipe
Your feet—and, only think, to-day
Jane broke your meerschaum pipe.
- "Oh, John! that horrid! horrid word!
You do not love me, dear;
I wish that I—boo—boo—were dead—
You're cross as any bear."

BOOTER'S SPOILED MEERSCHAUM.

HENRY LLOYD.

THERE is no rule without an exception ; but, as a rule, it is the man of an even frame of mind that makes the best pipe-colourer.

The fits and starts of a man who is of an excitable and uneasy nature will, in some mysterious manner, be communicated to his pipe, and the result will be uneven lines, blotches, and spots, instead of a deep, regular hue.

I met with a remarkable instance of this lately, and venture to lay it before my readers. I do so, in order that the folly of one man may become the wisdom of many.

We speak with gratitude of what we owe to our wise men. We forget what we owe to our foolish ones. This is wrong.

Watch the progress of a fool. See him floundering amid a thousand mishaps ; ever wrong, and never right.

To a man gifted with common sense, the actions of a fool are as instructive as the exhortations of a sage. Therefore, let us be grateful to our unwise ones.

Booter was not a fool ; but, in the matter of his spoiled meerschaum, he was foolish.

I was looking over his pipes one day, and admiring them. Amongst ten or a dozen handsome-shaped and finely-coloured meerschaums, I came across one that made me wonder. Fine as to shape, good as to quality, the colouring had completely spoiled it.

I sought an explanation, and obtained it from Booter himself.

John Booter I always looked upon as one of the most even-minded men living. His frame of mind I often envied, and would gladly have imitated if I could.

However, to the story. Booter was a man who interfered

very little in domestic affairs ; so that when his wife informed him that she intended to present him with another baby, he thought it best to take things quietly, and raise no objections. Mrs. B. was a woman of a strong will, and, when she made up her mind to anything, matters generally ended in accordance with her desires. So, having ascertained that June was set down as the gift month, he made a simple memorandum in his note-book : " June.—No. 3 to come," that he might not forget it ; and there the matter ended for a time.

As a single man, John never set a limit to his expenditure in the matter of pipes. As a married man, he was compelled to. He must, of course, have a fresh pipe now and then, and concluded, on the whole, it would not be a bad idea to have a new one with each fresh addition to his family. There is a human touch about this arrangement that I like very much.

On the 3rd of June Booter saw a pipe that pleased him, and purchased it, anticipating many enjoyable smokes. Here let me say that, although anticipation is not a sin, its non-realisation causes almost as much pain as repentance.

John smoked his pipe very carefully for a few evenings (for a great deal depends on how you start a pipe), till the evening of the 9th arrived. As he was midway in a pipe, Mrs. B. said quietly : " John, I don't wish to alarm you, but I wish you would take a cab, and fetch nurse ; I should like her in the house." Booter, like a good husband as he was, sallied forth, with his pipe in his mouth and the case in his pocket, and, procuring a cab, proceeded to the abode of the nurse, Mrs. Boile. The information he got there was not satisfactory. She was fulfilling an engagement in a place called Perch Street, at a baker's shop ; number of street and name of baker both unknown.

Perch Street, however, was soon found. The baker's shop was found. The nurse was found. Booter, being somewhat disturbed, had re-loaded his pipe when he started for Perch Street, and had smoked vigorously, and with less care than he should have shown.

Mrs. Boile was very sorry, but she had accepted another engagement, and was even then packing up to go off the next morning. Nice for Booter, was it not? He stood aghast with indignation; but that did not help him. Honourable or not, Mrs. Boile had made up her mind, and there was an end of the matter.

Out again came that unfortunate pipe, as John issued from the baker's shop, and by the time my friend had arrived home, that cab was fumigated thoroughly.

Mrs. B. looked very solemn when her husband told her how he had been served; but, as it was between ten and eleven o'clock, nothing further could be done that night.

The next day was Sunday. John, armed with the address of another nurse, started off. The distance was five miles. He sat and smoked his pipe on the top of an omnibus, feeling tolerably calm, and sincerely hoped that the person he was now seeking would be disengaged. He found the correct street, and proceeded to look for the number given, which was "81." John's pipe had a narrow escape, for it nearly dropped out of his mouth when he found "No. 81" was a large pawnbroker's, shut up as tight as shops of that description are on the Sabbath. He felt at once that he had been misdirected. A slight hope took possession of him that there might be another "81" in the street; but, alas! there was not. He considered, looking at the house during his considerations. It certainly seemed a most unlikely place to find what he wanted. Besides, as he observed when relating the affair, "Who ever heard of any one getting anything out of a pawnbroker's on Sunday?" He decided, however, to inquire. There was neither knocker nor bell, so he kicked at the door. A voice came up to him from below, through a small grating: "Now, then, what do you want?"

"Oh, I beg pardon; have you got a nurse here?"

"An 'carse! No; we don't keep 'em. You'll get one at the undertaker's, No. 93, lower down."

"I didn't say a hearse; it's a *nurse* I want."

“I should think you want a keeper more than a nurse. However, we don't lend anything on that article here.”

“You don't understand me. Is there a person named Mrs. Widgers, a monthly nurse, living on these premises?”

“No, sir, there is not. We've got neither monthly nurses nor weekly lodgers. There's only ‘Brown & Co.’ here. I'm Brown, and my wife's Co.”

“Good-morning, thank you,” said Booter.

“Morning,” replied the other.

Five miles, partly walking and partly riding, did that brute of a Booter puff and blow furiously at his unfortunate pipe. He slept the sleep of the cross and disgusted after dinner, and in the evening obtained some fresh addresses from the doctor, then commenced a walk round.

Mrs. A. was found sitting with her bonnet on, and her umbrella within easy reach, expecting to be sent for every minute.

The pipe again at work.

Mrs. B. was out, fulfilling an engagement, but would be at liberty in September, if that would do.

Again the pipe.

Mrs. C. was at home; hardly knew if she was engaged, but her fee was just twice the ordinary fee, and she did not care to go out without there was a special servant to wait on her. Booter wished her a safe and speedy journey to heaven, with half-a-dozen angels to wait on her, and fled home, with a trail of smoke behind him.

His head was in a whirl, for all the nurses seemed to have entered into a conspiracy against him.

On Monday morning Booter felt a bit better, especially as Mrs. B. seemed in wonderful good spirits herself. He got through his day's labour, and came home as usual to tea.

Afterwards, armed with several addresses, he started once more on his mournful quest.

Seven doors did he knock at, and interview whoever he could get hold of. From each of those he turned away with a groan. It was absolute wickedness, the way he

smoked that pipe. He was not a man to use bad language, but he felt almost bad enough that night to write curses in chalk on the pavement.

The eighth house he went to he got a little hope. He found a live nurse at home. Here is what she said :—" I go to a lady's to-morrow, and shall be disengaged come three weeks next Friday ; but if Mrs. V., my husband's brother's aunt, wants me, I can leave where I am going to as early as the Saturday before. If she requires a nurse before that day I am not to go at all to her, as she has made other arrangements ; but if I do go to her, I shall be at liberty a fortnight after the day I go to her ; so that it will be about five weeks, or perhaps four, or even three, or a little over two if I go to my husband's brother's aunt." Booter smiled a ghastly smile at this good lady, and sallied forth.

With his addresses, his tobacco, and his pluck completely exhausted, Booter arrived home dead beat.

What was to be done ? There was just one faint gleam of hope. Mrs. B. had heard of a nurse in Barton Square, but did not know the number of the house. The nurse's name was Mrs. Riggles. Nothing, however, could be done, as it was eleven o'clock ; so John and his wife retired.

At exactly half-past one o'clock Mr. Booter heard this : " John, you must get me either a nurse or a doctor."

John, desperately grinding his teeth, dressed hurriedly and went forth. " Barton Square," he grimly muttered ; " if there's a nurse there I'll have her, if I forcibly abduct her ! " He hailed a passing cab, and within five minutes found himself in Barton Square. The cab halted. The square was small, containing about thirty or forty houses. What was to be done ? His first thought was to knock at each door in succession ; but it would take too long. A wild idea seized him. Mounting on the box beside the driver, he called out, at first timidly, and then vociferously : " Mrs. Riggles ! Mrs. Riggles ! Mrs. Rig-g-les ! " The cabby, becoming interested, joined in ; and, as his voice was hoarse from exposure and gin, and Booter's was treble with excite-

ment, it was a very pretty duet for a quiet square at two o'clock in the morning.

After about five minutes signs of excitement became visible ; candles were lighted, and various windows opened, and an animated shower of compliments was dropped on to Booter's head. He was told to put his head under a pump ; he was threatened with incarceration ; he was declared to be drunk, mad, a fool, etc. His simple reply to all was a prolonged "Mrs. Riggles !"

At last a voice cried out : "If you want Mrs. Riggles, why don't you knock at her door ?"

"What number ?" shouted John eagerly.

"No. 17," returned the voice.

"Thank you !" cried John, and at once sought the magic number. Joy ! she was at home. More joy ! she was willing to accompany our hero. Booter could have embraced her. He got her into the cab, and soon the pair arrived home. After Mrs. Riggles had seen Mrs. B., John had to go at once for the doctor. This he did not mind ; his trouble was nearly over, but not quite.

As he reached the doctor's door two other men came up ; all three were breathless with haste and excitement. One came from a street opposite the doctor's door, and the other came up facing Booter. A moment's explanation showed that all three were on the same sort of errand. They could not fight for priority ; they had no time to quarrel about it. Their claims were equal ; so under the doctor's lamp the mysterious game of "Tommy Dodd" was played, and Booter had the happiness of obtaining the doctor first.

Booter's baby came all right, but Booter's meerschaum never got right. The bad treatment it had experienced during those uneasy days and nights gave it a wrong turn, from which it never recovered.

This affair happened some years ago, and Booter has had other children since. He always buys a new pipe to celebrate the event ; but he never buys it, now, till after the arrival of the baby.

THE HEADSMAN'S SNUFF-BOX.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

RUDOLF, professor of the headsman's trade,
 Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
 One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
 Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill,
 Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
 Rudolf, the headsman, rose above the crowd.
 His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam
 As the pike's armour flashes in the stream.
 He sheathed his blade ; he turn'd as if to go ;
 The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
 " Why strikest not ? Perform thy murderous act,"
 The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
 " Friend I *have* struck," the artist straight replied ;
 " Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
 He held his snuff-box—" Now, then, if you please !"
 The prisoner sniffed, and with a crashing sneeze,
 Off his head tumbled—bowled along the floor—
 Bounced down the steps ;—the prisoner said no more.

A LEGACY.

HENRY LLOYD.

MY days are short, my goods are few, my cheek is white
 and wan,
 I have but little left, old lad, to leave when I am gone ;
 The toy I love the most on earth I leave, my friend, to
 thee ;
 Take this old pipe when Death's cold hand has set my
 spirit free.

These twilight hours the sweetest are of all the weary day,
When night creeps slowly up the hill, and turns the gold
to grey ;
For then you come and sit with me, and, gazing on your
face,
A sad content steals o'er my soul, and sorrow quits the
place.

This peaceful hour's the blessed hour that harboureth
least woe,
And at this time, on some sweet day, I trust my soul
will go ;
'Tis good to die when dies the sun : his calm and cheerful
light
Seems kindlier to the 'scaping soul than weird and spectral
night.

Maybe I'm out of patience, but it seems to me quite
wrong
That I, now done with ways of life, should be dying
overlong ;
We reap the grain when sere and dry ; when fruits are
ripe they drop ;
And when the heart beats but for pain, methinks it ought
to stop.

At times I lie and look at this, my worn and wasted hand,
And think of what I meant to do, the things my will
had planned ;
But brain and will and pulsing heart have nought to do
but die ;
And who is there to shed a tear because of this ? Not I.

Draw up the blind a bit, old friend, the sun is sinking low ;
Yon sky's too gay a canopy for this poor world of woe :
The green and gold and gorgeous dyes are mixed in
splendid worth ;
Maybe 'tis fringe on the robe of God—His footstool is
the earth.

I often hear the children sing—they pass the door at eve ;
Ah ! lad ! their voices, over sweet, but make me freshly
 grieve ;
And then I turn, and—listen now !—dost hear my hollow
 breath
Like winds of life expiring in the echoing vaults of Death ?
Just pour me out another drink, and light my old pipe—
 so ;
I'll try and smoke a minute, Will ; I know you soon must
 go ;
Ah ! dear ! you see it's dying out, I cannot keep the fire ;
It makes no struggle, makes no noise—so, friend, may
 I expire !

You cannot wonder, can you, Will ? I fell beneath the
 blow ;
Nay, nay ! the wonder was I lived through such a bitter
 woe.
You know how hard I worked for years to make the lass
 a home,
And made it—ay, and made it well!—and said, “No
 more I'll roam.”

Oh ! rosy morns, that sprang each day from out the womb
 of night !
Oh ! calm bright eves, that flew to heaven on wings of
 crimson light !
Oh ! joyous days of loving toil, that ended in sweet rest,
With not a care to dim our eyes, or tear each peaceful
 breast !

Oh ! faithful love, that had no smart, save from the sting
 of death !
Oh ! patient eyes, that looked in mine ! oh ! faint and
 quivering breath !
Three years—three happy, sweet, sweet years—we lived
 and loved in bliss,
And then she died, and died the babe ; and I—I've come
 to this !

I know I shall depart full soon, and that one thought
 brings peace,
 For well I know that every pain with this sad life will
 cease.
 What tho' I wade through waters dark, to meet my waiting
 bride ?
 'Tis but a moment's chill, and lo ! I'll find her at my side.
 So, Will, old friend, when I am still, no more on earth
 to wake,
 Take this old pipe, and use it well, and smoke it for my
 sake.
She gave it me in happy days, before death's black eclipse,
 And fain I'd know, when I am gone, 'tis kissed by loving lips.
 'Twill be a link as strong as steel to bind our hearts in
 love ;
 Thy thoughts shall with its clouds ascend to friends who
 are above ;
 You wept with us, you sang with us, as skies were sad or
 bright,
 Old loving friend—nay, dry thy tears—thy hand, old lad !
 good night !



CHARACTER AS SEEN THROUGH SMOKE.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SMOKING is commonly regarded as a selfish habit by those who do not practise it, and it would perhaps be difficult to prove that in any large proportion of cases it is an act of self-denial. On the other hand, it is commonly contended that it is a social habit, and that none are, in a general way, so unselfish as those who love the weed.

In "Tobacco Talk and Smokers' Gossip, an amusing miscellany of fact and anecdote relating to the great plant," there is a story told of a scene which is said to have occurred in a first-class carriage on the Great Western Railway some years since.

During a journey on the occasion in question, a passenger having selected a cigar from his case looked appealingly round the compartment, and receiving no verbal answer to his unspoken question, lit up and smoked to his heart's content. Nearing the end of the cigar, if not the journey, the smoker noticed on the face of his *vis à vis* that look of mingled disgust and irritation common to the visage of the non-smoker when he deems his liberties invaded. The smoker apologised saying :

“ I am afraid, sir, my cigar annoys you ? ”

“ It does, sir, it annoys me excessively,” replied the non-smoker.

“ I am sure I beg your pardon,” said the first speaker, at the same time throwing the remainder of the cigar out of the window.

But a Briton suffering under a sense of wrong is not so easily appeased, and the non-smoker informed his thoughtless if polite disputant, that he intended to make a formal charge against him at the conclusion of the journey.

An awkward pause followed, after which the smoker took out his card case, saying,—

“ Perhaps you will take my card ? I happen to hold a public position, and should like to avoid any disturbance.”

“ I don't want your card,” said the irritated anti-tobacconist.

“ But you had better look at it,” said the smoker, and the Anti looked.

The card was that of a royal duke.

The card seems to have mollified the non-smoker somewhat, for before alighting he said he hoped that His Royal Highness would not think that he had acted wrongly, to which His Royal Highness replied :

“ That is a point which we need not discuss.”

The identity of the Royal Duke, as well as that of his opponent, is happily veiled, and there is nothing to prevent us from taking an unbiassed view of their characters as seen through smoke. His Royal Highness was probably

a soldier or a sailor who would have been punctillious in a matter of obedience to discipline on the part of a subordinate in either service, and yet he broke what he knew to be the law in the matter of smoking in a carriage reserved for non-smokers. He was certainly a gentleman in the frankness with which he acknowledged the wrong he had done, and though, of course, the apology did not undo the wrong, it would have been courteous on the part of the non-smoker to have let the matter drop. But things did not stop there, and in the end it is difficult to acquit the disputants of snobbishness upon the one part, and caddishness upon the other. It is impossible to admire a man who would use Royalty as a shield to protect himself from the unpleasant consequences of an illegal act, and it is equally impossible to respect one who would be overawed by such a demonstration.

That smokers can be unselfish needs of course no proof, but illustrations of unselfishness are always refreshing, and the following story of Bismarck's last cigar given in this same book, may well close these few remarks upon character as seen through smoke.

"The value of a good cigar," said Bismarck, proceeding to light a Havanna on one occasion, "is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Königgrätz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle as a miser guards his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colours in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it, after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets, and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted it for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke!"

MY PIPE AND I.

HENRY LLOYD.

RECORD, O, pipe ! what thou hast done
For me, my father's eldest son.

When first you learned the smoker's trick,
I sent you home both pale and sick.

Poor kid !

And then you will remember how,
Also I got you in a row.

You did.

But that was only (you observe)
A trick of mine to try your nerve.

Oh, fie !

You leaned upon the window-sill
And thought you would be very ill—

And die.

But after that you loved me well
And often praised my fragrant smell.

That's true.

And then a "dear" you learned to stalk,
And took her sometimes for a walk—

With you.

And then she jilted you, and I
Have often checked the rising sigh—

And tear.

But soon your trouble found an end,
And then you knew I was your friend.

Hear ! hear !

In cold and snow I've kept you warm,
And cheered your heart in many a storm.

That's right.

When gloom has hid the sun's bright ray,
I've cheered full many a cheerless day—

And night.

Rememberest thou that deluged deck,
That awful night, that shattered wreck ?

I do.

When frightened wretches spurned their pelf,
You saved but little save yourself—

And you.

How oft with your companions gay,
I've helped you while the hours away.

No doubt.

O'er hills to see the rising sun ;
But, stay—this pipeful's nearly done.

You're out.



A FRIEND IN NEED—A FRIEND INDEED.

F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

WHEN my heart is a-weary, and hope is a dream,
And I'm drifting along like a straw on a stream ;
When there's no satisfaction in work or in play,
And all pleasure I lack ; O

I turn from the clouds that are dulling the day,
To a cloud of tobacco ;

And soon in the cloud that envelopes all clouds,
My fancies come trooping in be vies and crowds,
Dancing along, with laughter and song,
And rollic and frolic a jubilant throng !

There is peacc in the pipe, there is joy in the weed !
And it never yet failed a poor fellow in need.

When my heart is elate and the outlook is fair
And I'm sailing along like a cloud in the air,
When my fortunes are fit and my comrades are kind,
Then I turn to tobacco,

Add a whiff of the weed to the whiff of the wind,
And no pleasure I lack ; O

My comrades assemble, a cup of good cheer,
 We quaff to new hopes and to memories dear ;
 And we linger full long, as with laughter and song,
 We drink to the right, and we bury the wrong !
 There is peace in the pipe, there is joy in the weed,
 And it never yet failed a poor fellow in need !

When my life-flame is low and I rarely turn out
 For a walk, and am burdened with conscience or gout,
 When my foot is uncertain, my breath running low,
 And my frame's on the rack ; O,
 I still have a friend who will stick to me tho'
 All comfort I lack ; O.
 Tobacco will last through the feast or the fast,
 Through the warm summer winds and the bleak
 winter's blast
 Blowing a cloud for a wreath, or a shroud,
 When the heart is upraised, or the head is low-
 bowed.
 There is peace in the pipe, there is joy in the weed,
 And it never yet failed a poor fellow in need !

AN INTER-WHIFF.

(From *Fun.*)

HERE on my back on the bank I lie,
 With a pipe in my mouth and watch the sky ;
 And well do I know, beyond a joke,
 That nature, like me, delights to smoke.
 The little zephyrs down here in the grass
 Puff at the weeds as they swiftly pass ;
 While the breeze of the ether is not too proud—
 Though almost too lazy—to blow a cloud.
 Every bird has a pipe of its own,
 And each has its "bird's-eye" views, 'tis known.

The trees rejoice in a stem and bole.
 For the King of the Forests like old King Cole ;
 And the hedges as well the practice suits,
 For they all of them boast their brier-roots.
 Smoking, in short, is loved by all
 The works of nature both great and small—
 Down to the very small grub, to be brief,
 You'll find he is given to rolling a leaf.

So why shouldn't I—

As here I lie

On my back on the bank—all those defy
 Who fain would the pleasant plant decry ?

CHOOSING A WIFE BY A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

(From the *Gentleman's Magazine*.)

TUBE I love thee as my life ;
 By thee I mean to choose a wife.
 Tube, thy colour let me find,
 In her skin, and in her mind.
 Let me have a shape as fine ;
 Let her, breath be sweet as thine ;
 Let her when her lips I kiss,
 Burn, like thee, to give me bliss ;
 Let her, in some smoke or other,
 All my failings kindly smother.
 Often when my thoughts are low,
 Send them where they ought to go.
 When to study I incline,
 Let her aid be such as thine :
 Such as thine her charming power
 In the vacant social hour.
 Let her live to give delight,
 Ever warm and ever bright ;
 Let her deeds, where'er she dies,
 Mount as incense to the skies.

HOW SLOTTER WENT TO BED HAPPY AND
SATISFIED.

HENRY LLOYD.

BEN SLOTTER was, without a doubt, the biggest man in our village. He had the biggest head, feet, and fists. Physically his head was nearer heaven than any of the other heads; morally it was certainly not. He was the greatest eater, the greatest drinker, and, according to his own account, the best fighter all round about. Concerning his superiority as an eater and drinker, many folks could bear witness; but no one could speak positively with regard to his abilities as a pugilist. Occasionally in a brawl some unlucky rustic found Slotter's fist in some part of his face, or on some portion of his head, where there was no proper accommodation for it; but as the unfortunate receiver, always being a much smaller and weaker man, never questioned Slotter's right to strike him, and seldom attempted to return the compliment, his experience could only be taken concerning Slotter's hitting power and nothing else. Without an actual contest there cannot be a conqueror.

One night Ben Slotter, in company with about a dozen others, sat in the tap-room at "The Blue Pigeon." Most of the company were taking a quiet pipe and pint, now that the day's work was done; and, save that many of the voices were loud and uncultivated, it was an extremely peaceful scene. Some insignificant matter, however, started an argument, which very soon led to jangling, in which personal abuse took some part. Men of the sort gathered in the room I have mentioned can manage beer to a considerable

extent, but they can seldom manage beer and argument mixed. The intellectual complacency and patient unraveling of knotty skeins, necessary in argumentative warfare, have not their dwelling-places at the bottoms of pewter quarts. A tap-roomer getting fierce in an argument clutches the handle of his pewter, and, when he is at fault for a word, drinks ; so that we arrive at this definite statement : the more a man of that sort argues the more he drinks, and the more he drinks the more he argues ; for, if he fails to find the right word or thought in the pot, he finds some other, which he uses to save his reputation as an orator. This still further increases the confusion, and, consequently, the suction.

On this particular evening the beer went down and the tempers got up, so at last, Slotter, who didn't exactly know which side he was on, and was filled with beer, roared out that he would fight any man there, and he stood up and began to tuck up his dirty cuffs, as if he meant fighting some one, any one, or every one, if they were agreeable or not.

Among the company was a little lame man, who cut hair, patched boots, sold papers, ran errands, and in all sorts of other odd ways got his living. He was the only man in the place who dared take liberties in addressing Slotter. When the bully threw out his challenge, the little man, taking his pipe out of his mouth, observed in a quiet tone : "It's all very well."

"What's all very well ?" roared Slotter.

"Why, it's all very well for you to talk," returned the little man, with some show of spirit.

"Talk !" angrily cried the boaster, doubling up his great fists, and holding them out for general inspection. "Talk, is it ? Show me the man as can do half as much as me in a fight, and then talk about talking. I means what I says ; I'll fight the best man in the place, and if he licks me I'll eat him !"

This, on the face of it, was not a tempting offer. Had Slotter been a man of calm judgment, or high philosophy,

he would not have made his terms so very absurd. There was no encouragement to his antagonist. In the first place, Ben was nearly certain to gain the victory; but if by any chance he got worsted, he was bound by his word, as an honourable man, to devour to the uttermost fragment, body and head, his victorious opponent; and those who had the greatest knowledge of his miraculous digestive abilities, his wonderful jaw-power, and grand flow of gastric juice, felt well assured that he could finish any ordinary man under a fortnight.

The little lame man had not done with Slotter, however. He broke out again with "Yes, yes. That's all very well here. We're all afraid of you; we know it, and you know it. But why don't you go down to old Sam and challenge him? He'd soon alter your cry."

"What!" said Slotter; "old Sam, the blacksmith?"

"Ay," replied the little man; "old Sam, the blacksmith; he's your man. I'll lay two pots of four-half to one that he'd knock you into about Tuesday week under the hour."

"I ain't afraid of old Sam."

"Afraid!" pursued the little man, with a short laugh. "Afraid! He! he! Who said you was? I didn't. I merely observed that it was my opinion old Sam could beat you in a fair fight, and I say so still, and stick to it."

"Oh!" growled Slotter, and there the matter dropped.

All the next day he was very gloomy and sullen. When he paid his usual evening visit to "The Blue Pigeon" the little man was there in his accustomed style, smoking his pipe, sipping his ale, and chirping as cheerfully as a cricket.

"Evening, Mister Slotter," said the little imp, with what seemed to be quite an unaware wink at the general company. "That little affair come off yet?"

"No!" thundered Benjamin, in such a fierce tone that his tormentor thought it prudent to put pugilism by for the evening and start on politics.

The little man never said another word before Slotter concerning old Sam; but Ben knew well enough that the

pigmy's tongue went at a rare rate behind his back. He felt that he could endure this state of affairs no longer, and determined, without saying anything to anyone else, to see old Sam and offer to fight him the next day.

About ten o'clock he made up his mind to go to bed. He unlaced his heavy boots and took them off, and was proceeding with the process of disrobing when he heard the little man go past his cottage, laughing tremendously. Of course Benjamin did not know the cause of this merriment. The laughter may have been caused by some recent joke, or by too much ale ; but Slotter at once put it down that he was the cause of this excessive mirth, and left off admiring his biceps, to shake his fist in the direction of the passer-by.

This little incident caused a change in the operations going on in Slotter's bedroom.

He deliberately set to work to put on the things he had just taken off. When fully dressed he sallied forth with fierce determination on his face.

The blacksmith was an elderly man, a widower, with one little girl at home about twelve years of age. He never made the alehouse his haunt, although he liked a glass of beer. Next to his daughter, in his affection, came his pipe. During the day he took no tobacco ; but about nine in the evening he sat down for a steady two hours' smoke. He had a number of meerschaum and clay pipes, all coloured to perfection. Of these he would select two when he began, and, while smoking one, fill the other. Such was his custom. He did not care to read, or even talk, while smoking. Sitting in an old easy chair, with his pipe in his mouth and a quart measure of good ale by his side, the worthy old fellow let these two last hours of his day go by in musing on what was best known to himself. Physically he was not so big or heavy as Slotter ; but, for all that, he was a very powerful man, with a hand that could grip like a vice. He had been in his younger days a clever boxer and wrestler, but those sports he left now for younger men.

About half-past ten on the night referred to, old Sam

was aroused from his pleasant occupations by a knock at the doo

His little daughter at once went and opened the door. There stood the great bear, Slotter.

"Is your father at home?" he inquired, with very little ceremony.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him I've come to fight him," said Ben; who, now that he had made up his mind for action, was anxious to lose no time.

The child had no need to carry the message, for Sam could hear the roaring of the bear at his threshold. Concluding that the valiant challenger was intoxicated, he called out, without rising from his seat,—

"Go away, Slotter; go away home, and get to bed."

"No I don't," growled Ben; "I've come to fight you, and fight you I will. They say you're the best man of the two, and I can't get no rest till I find out which of us is; so you'd better come out, if you don't want me in."

Sam did not want him in; so he came to the door smoking his pipe.

"Now, look here, Slotter," said he, "don't you be a fool; I don't want to fight you, and I don't want you to fight me. You're the best man, I daresay; will that satisfy you?"

"No, it won't!" replied Slotter, doggedly. "I don't mean to go to bed to-night till I've given you a hiding, or you've given me one. I don't bear no malice, and I don't owe no grudge—leastways, not to you; but I couldn't sleep last night, nor the night afore, nor the night afore that, and you've no right to spoil my rest—it ain't Christian-like. I can't rest, and I can't work, and I ain't happy."

Old Sam couldn't help smiling at the pathetic earnestness of the unhappy being now before him, but still tried in every way to get rid of him.

His efforts, however, were in vain; and becoming at last annoyed by the obstinacy of the brute, made up his mind to gratify him.

He gave his pipe to his little daughter, telling her to stay

indoors and not be frightened; and then, pulling the door to, he stepped out into the road.

Slotter began operations by skipping round old Sam, with about as much agility as a cow would exhibit during her first lesson in dancing.

"Come along," he cried; "come along; come on!"

"I'm here," said Sam, coolly. "If you've got anything for me you'll have to bring it, and if you want anything yourself you'll have to come for it; my dancing days are over."

It slowly dawned on Slotter that he was getting tired to no purpose, so he carefully came a little nearer, and then a little nearer still, and then just near enough to receive the blacksmith's hard fist between his eyes. He felt so astonished at this, that he sat down suddenly. Whether this attitude was assumed in consequence of the astonishment or the blow is hardly certain. Possibly it was the result of a combination of the two.

"What are you sitting down for?" said old Sam, with a smile; "that's not fighting."

"All right," returned Ben, rising from his seat; "that's one to you."

"I think it was one to you," said Sam, "and I've some more made on the same principle, at the same terms."

Slotter came up to his work with greater caution than at first, and selected a small area on the blacksmith's broad nose. The blacksmith selected a similar spot on Ben's rugged feature; the only difference being, that whereas Slotter selected his particular place on Sam's nose with his eye, Sam picked out his selected spot on Slotter's nose with his fist, and did it so cleverly that Benjamin returned to his reflections on the hardness of the road.

"Have you had enough?" inquired old Sam.

"Well, so far as that goes," replied Slotter, sopping away with a rag of a handkerchief at what seemed to him to be a large, tender, fungous growth in the place of his nose, "I have had enough, and now I think it's your turn to take a little," and he once more rose on his feet.

“Now, look here, Slotter,” said his opponent sternly, “you had better go home. Up to the present time I’ve only pushed you down ; but if you still persist in this foolery, all I can say is, the next time I shall hit you.”

The damaged bully shook his head surlily, and once more squared up to the blacksmith, who felt he was getting warmed to his work.

Slotter was now evidently timid, and old Sam had to advance a little ; he did so carefully, and with rather a grim look on his face ; for about a minute there was some little dodging and feinting, and then that old, hard fist, belonging to Sam, went out straight. Slotter never could tell exactly how it happened, but he got hit, and while he was in the act of making a demoralised heap of himself in the road, he got hit again.

Old Sam’s blows must have been wonderfully quick, for Slotter was hurrying down as fast as ever he could on receipt of the first ; but he had the second before he could get down.

The first was somewhere about the head, and the next somewhere among the ribs. Then he became simply a heap.

Ben lay groaning, but did not offer to rise. As groaning seemed to please his illiterate mind, Sam allowed him to indulge in that cheap and harmless recreation for some little time ; then, seeing clearly there was no fight left in him, he helped the damaged man indoors and gave him some beer.

“You know, Slotter,” said old Sam, “you made me fight you ; and then, when I cautioned you, you made me go on till I hurt you.”

“Yes, I know I did,” groaned Slotter ; “I know I did ; but I couldn’t help it, I couldn’t rest. I shall be able to rest peaceful now I know who’s best man ; I feel a good deal happier. Oh, my poor ribs !”

The blacksmith let his late foe rest awhile, till he felt able to walk home.

Before he went he insisted on shaking hands with old Sam, and giving him “best.” Then he went home to bed

happy and satisfied. The fight, however, did him good eventually, for he became a quieter man, and, consequently, a better citizen.

THE CASUAL'S LAST PIPE.

HENRY LLOYD.

BUT little they know, and less they care,
 'These crowds that pass in the glitter and glare,
 So proud of their high position,
 What it is to be housed in the parish fold,
 And fed on hunger, and clothed with cold,
 With the last hope gone, and the last rag sold,
 And life on the edge of perdition.

I could preach 'em a sermon, but need my breath
 'To blow my one comfort 'twixt this and death,
 From this bowl so black and reeking.
 Yes, yes, old pipe ! thou art black and foul,
 The fittest of pipes for my ugly jowl ;
 Your one eye glows like the eye of an owl,
 In the dark, his victims seeking.

It is hard to spare a penny to find
 The weed with starvation before and behind ;
 Yet life would be harder without it ;
 For nothing can give me relief but this.
 For a moment it bringeth forgetfulness ;
 'Tis the only thing on earth that I bless.
 Put yourselves in my place, ye who doubt it.

And as to starvation ; well, I can say
 I've lived upon that for many a day,
 'Till my skin is too big for its scaffold.
 There'll be the less to bury, no doubt,
 When they fasten me down and carry me out,
 There's never a worm but'll turn up his snout
 At finding himself so baffled.

Ah no ! ah no ! 'twas not always so—
The heavens were bright as was earth below,
 And life was all pleasant sailing ;
With my own dear wife, and my babes as well
My life was heaven, and now it is hell,—
For right from the top of my pride, I fell
 To a place of most doleful wailing.

It was the bank, the bank that broke,
Thousands went down at that swift stroke,
 From the sword of Ruin sweeping.
The bland directors, with simper and bow
(I cursed them then, and I curse them now,
For a ruined life and a furrowed brow),
 Were grieved, as they said, to weeping.

They were sorry to say that things weren't right,
And so I am sitting here to-night,
 A scarecrow, of Misery's making.
The wife died first, for the dreadful blow
Proved, to my darling, a call to go
To a happier place, and I my woe
 Had to face, with a heart that was breaking.

My children three, who were weak and small,
Held up for awhile, but death had them all ;
 They followed their mother to heaven.
Better, ah better, yes, every way,
That they should lie under the foul black clay,
And soundly sleep till the judgment day,
 'Than strive as I have striven.

Better be laid in a nameless grave
Than live to see their old father a knave,
 A knave of the worst condition.
And such is a pauper, for knavery drest
In costly clothing is fit for the best,
And is often found as the lauded guest
 Of men in the highest position.

So alone in my woe I sit to-night,
A starving old wretch with my pipe alight,
 A warning to all generations.
Ready to cringe, or grovel, or thrust
My nose in the dust for a mouldy crust ;
Or beg, or steal, or borrow on trust,
 Lean poverty's rotten rations.

The directors were shaken a bit, but then
They held up their heads like righteous men,
 So the little affair was forgotten.
And the widows' wail and the orphans' cries
Are blown to the winds ; and the sun in the skies
Looks down from above, and shows no surprise
 That society's heart is so rotten.

Gone out, my old pipe ? well, I need not wait,
For I hear them unbarring the dingy gate ;
 I wish 'twould close on me for ever.
Lie safe in my bosom till morning comes,
To find you again in my toothless gums,
While I seek for refuse in filthy slums,
 And warm my old bones with a shiver !

Now what the pauper dreamed in his dreams
There is no man living that knows, but it seems
 That his sleep was sound and lasting.
When the summons came to go breaking stones,
They found just a bundle of senseless bones ;
And the coroner said, in considerate tones,
 The cause of his death was fasting.

One hand was grasping his pipe full fast,
As fighting with Death for that till the last,
 His cheapest and dearest treasure.
Then they bundled him into a workhouse shell,
And hurried him off to his grave pell-mell ;
And all the tears that over him fell
 Might be saved in a bottomless measure.

The directors of course they had to die,
But they died in the midst of luxury,
 And in a prepared condition.
Maybe the pauper, who died distraught,
Can carry his case to a higher court,
To be tried by a Judge who careth nought
 For wealth, or pride, or position.



TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED.

(Old Song.)

TOBACCO'S but an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve,
 It shows our decay,
 We are but clay :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe, that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
 Is broken with a touch—
 Man's life is such :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,
Shows how man's soul is stained with sin,
 And then the fire,
 It doth require :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind
Do serve to put us all in mind,
 That unto dust
 Return we must :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shows us man's life must have an end,
 The vapour's gone—
 Man's life is done :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

MRS. CAUDLE ON SMOKING.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

“FAUGH! Pah! Whewgh! That filthy tobacco-smoke! It’s enough to kill any decent woman. You know I hate tobacco, and yet you will do it. *You don’t smoke yourself?* What of that? If you go among people who *do* smoke, you’re just as bad, or worse. You might as well smoke—indeed, better. Better smoke yourself than come home with other people’s smoke all in your hair and whiskers.

“I never knew any good come to a man who went to a tavern. Nice companions he picks up there! Yes; people who make it a boast to treat their wives like slaves, and ruin their families. There’s that wretch Harry Prettyman. See what he’s come to. He doesn’t now get home till two in the morning; and then in what a state! He begins quarrelling with the door-mat, that his poor wife may be afraid to speak to him. A mean wretch! But don’t you think I’ll be like Mrs. Prettyman. No; I wouldn’t put up with it from the best man that ever trod. You’ll not make me afraid to speak to you, however you may swear at the door-mat. No, Mr. Caudle, that you won’t.

“*You don’t intend to stay out till two in the morning?* How do you know what you’ll do when you get among such people? Men can’t answer for themselves when they get boosing one with another. They never think of their poor wives, who are grieving and wearing themselves out at home. A nice headache you’ll have to-morrow morning—or rather *this* morning; for it must be past twelve. *You won’t have a headache?* It’s very well for you to say so, but I know you will; and then you may nurse yourself for me. Ha! that filthy tobacco again! No; I shall not go to sleep like a good soul. How’s people to go to sleep when they’re suffocated.

“Yes, Mr. Caudle, you’ll be nice and ill in the morning! But don’t you think I’m going to let you have your

breakfast in bed, like Mrs. Prettyman. I'll not be such a fool. No; nor I won't have discredit brought upon the house by sending for soda-water early, for all the neighbourhood to say, 'Caudle was drunk last night.' No; I've some regard for the dear children, if you hav'n't.

"*You won't want soda?* All the better. You wouldn't get it if you did, I can assure you. Dear, dear, dear! That filthy tobacco! I'm sure it's enough to make me as bad as you are. Talking about getting divorced,—I'm sure tobacco ought to be good grounds. How little does a woman think, when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned! You men contrive to have it all of your own side, you do. Now if I was to go and leave you and the children, a pretty noise there'd be! You, however, can go and smoke no end of pipes and—*You didn't smoke.* It's all the same, Mr. Caudle, if you go among smoking people. Folks are known by their company. You'd better smoke yourself, than bring home the pipes of all the world.

"Yes, I see how it will be. Now you've once gone to a tavern, you'll always be going. You'll be coming home tipsy every night; and tumbling down, and breaking your leg, and putting out your shoulder, and bringing all sorts of disgrace and expense upon us. And then you'll be getting into a street fight—oh! I know your temper too well to doubt it, Mr. Caudle—and be knocking down some of the police. And then I know what will follow. It *must* follow. Yes, you'll be sent for a month or six weeks to the treadmill. Pretty thing that, for a respectable tradesman, Mr. Caudle, to be put upon the treadmill with all sorts of thieves and vagabonds, and—there, again, that horrible tobacco!—and riffraff of every kind. I should like to know how your children are to hold up their heads, after their father has been upon the treadmill! No! I *won't* go to sleep. And I'm not talking of what's impossible. I know it will all happen—every bit of it. If it wasn't for the dear children, you might be ruined and I wouldn't so much as speak about it, but—oh, dear, dear! at least you might go where they smoke *good* tobacco—

but I can't forget that I'm their mother. At least, they shall have *one* parent.

"Taverns! Never did a man go to a tavern who didn't die a beggar. And how your pot-companions will laugh at you when they see your name in the *Gazette*! For it *must* happen. Your business is sure to fall off; for what respectable people will deal with a drunkard? You're not a drunkard! No! but you will be—it's all the same.

"You've begun by staying out till midnight. By-and-by 'twill be all night. But don't you think, Mr. Caudle, you shall ever have a key. I know you. But I'll not be made your victim, Mr. Caudle, not I. You shall never get at my keys, for they shall lie under my pillow—under my own head, Mr. Caudle.

"You'll be ruined; but if I can help it, you shall ruin nobody but yourself.

"Oh! that hor—hor—hor—i—ble tob—ac—co!"



THE LAST WEED OF WINTER.

ALFRED H. MILES.

'Tis the last weed of winter

Left lying alone;

All its worthy companions

Are faded and gone.

So now let me scatter

Its breath with my own,

Nor leave it to linger

And wither alone.

And so let me follow,

When friendships are gone,

When all my companions

Have left me, anon;

When the last weed is withered,

The last smoke is blown,

Oh who would continue

Cigarless alone?

LOVE AND SELFISHNESS.

HENRY LLOYD.

BROTHERLY love is good ; but there is a love (if proper attention be paid to the fitness of things) which must come before it—and that is the love of self. This being granted, let it be proclaimed that a man's first duty is to look well after himself.

My story is simplicity itself ; but, as it illustrates the particular truth I am endeavouring to impress on the public mind, I feel justified in relating it.

Thomas and James were firm friends, respectable in station, and temperate in their habits. Over each had twenty-five years passed. Few were the glasses of beer they drank. Tobacco they both abhorred ; and a game at dominoes, over a cup of coffee, was their most frantic form of dissipation. From the days of their childhood,

They grew in beauty side by side,

as the poet says. They walked and talked through their calm, innocent days, and at the age of five-and-twenty it might be said of them that they had made level running. They were very much alike in form and face, and followed the same pursuits, each at peace with and full of love for his companion.

These young men, looking, as it were, with the same eyes at everything, and living in exactly the same moral atmosphere—something like detached Siamese twins—fell fiercely in love at exactly the same time, and, unfortunately, with the same paragon of beauty and excellence.

This falling in love is a strange thing. When a man falls into a morass or pit, he calls to his companion to help him out—that is, supposing he has sufficient vitality left in him to manufacture a call ; but, when a man falls in love, he never cries to be helped out. Either he is deadened to

a sense of his peril, or imagines he can get out just when he chooses to ; or rather likes it. At all events, no cry disturbs the stillness, but deeper and deeper the victim goes burrowing and sinking in the delicious misery.

This must have been the case with our two friends when they fell into the pit of love : they were both mute, and, as neither knew of the other's misfortune, no alteration took place in their friendship.

Although dumb as the deadest man to each other, each was quick in declaring his passion to sweet Dorothy Jane ; and this fair maiden blushed to Thomas, and duplicately blushed to James.

It must be admitted that the young lady was in rather a difficult position ! At the first offer she felt inclined to say " Yes," for Thomas was a young man of honour and respectability. She, however, thought it more maidenly to ask for a little time for reflection ; and, in the midst of her reflections, James, the other young man of equal honour and respectability, came along, with his offer of " home and heart." What could she do but ask time for reflection, as in the first instance ? Possibly she thought a third man was round the corner. It must be admitted that her position, though enviable, was difficult—Thomas and James were so very much alike.

It is possible that two men may fall violently in love with the same woman at the same time ; but it is not related, to my knowledge, anywhere, that one woman ever fell in love with two men at the same moment. Should such an event ever come to pass, the remains of that large-affectioned female would require collecting, for many women of that parish and the surrounding ones would be closely present at her decease, however thinly her funeral might be attended.

Thomas and James, each feeling somewhat relieved by his appeal to the object of his affections, began to feel some pity for each other, and each looked round the circle of his female acquaintance to discover a likely mate for his going-to-be-disconsolate friend.

Also, each began to feel rather ashamed that he had withheld his confidence so long from his companion, and each determined to reveal his secret.

As they had fallen in love at the same time, and gone through precisely the same amount of pleasure and worry over it, the desire to confess came on them at the same moment ; so when the lips of Thomas flew open to show his heart, the lower jaw of James dropped to perform the same delicate operation.

Said Thomas, nervously :—" James ! "

" What, Thomas ? "

" I—am—in—love."

" Never !—so am I."

" I love Dorothy Jane."

" It cannot be ; I love Dorothy Jane."

" Oh, horror ! " cried Thomas, with a shudder.

" Oh, agony ! " said James, with a shiver.

" My friend ! "

" My friend ! "

" James, I love you."

" Thomas, I love you."

" For your sake," sobbed Thomas, " I will break my heart."

" No," replied James, sadly ; " you must allow me the privilege of breaking mine."

" Mine ! mine ! " cried Thomas.

" Mine ! mine ! " cried James.

Then, in the intoxication of their grief, they fell on each other's bosom and mingled their sorrow, and their tears fell on to the earth, and made a small puddle, in which the patterns of their lower garments were reflected, making a pretty little picture of shepherd's plaid on the one side, and blue and white stripes on the other.

Dorothy Jane sat thoughtful and silent repairing the family hose. To her, in the midst of her labours, approached Thomas. A good half of the world's misery was imprinted on his face, and his eyes were red with weeping. He uttered but one word, but in so awful a tone did he utter

it that, if he had ventured on two, he must have expired on the spot. "Farewell."

Then he took his burdened self away, at a swift stagger. Dorothy Jane could not speak ; in fact, she had no time to do so, had her troubled mind been equal to language ; a tear appeared in one of her eyes, but she continued her monotonous task. She was a level-minded young person.

Presently James appeared on the troubled scene ; he had the other half of the world's misery written on his face, and appeared to be quite as far advanced on the road to absolute grief as his friend Thomas. James behaved in precisely the same incomprehensible fashion as his friend. First he brought up from the deepest cellar of his chest a sepulchral agonised "Farewell!" and then departed at a swift stagger.

A tear now appeared in Dorothy Jane's hitherto unoccupied eye, and no wonder.

There is little more to tell. Thomas and James went away from that place ; they saw Dorothy Jane no more ; they saw each other no more. They settled apart abroad, and eventually died of broken hearts, at the respective ages of seventy-one and seventy-two.

Dorothy Jane remained unwed all her days, with nothing to reflect on but the gushings and sighings and final mysterious "farewells" of these two foolish young antis, who had contrived, by their so-called devotion and self-sacrifice, to render three deserving young people unhappy.

This is where the moral comes in. Had Thomas and James possessed less devoted friendship and more sense, they would have either submitted the affair to arbitration, or tossed up a penny for the first chance, or in some other way decided it. Then a wedding would have happened ; after this, the two happy ones would have invited the disconsolate home, and given him weak grog to cheer him up. By-and-by they would have shown him the babies, and so, gently alleviating his misery, they would have led him on to matrimony on his own account, and then all three would have been happy.

Is not, then, this self-sacrifice a bad thing ?

THE UNHAPPY KING.

HENRY LLOYD.

THE king of the land, it seems, was curst
With deep depression, the blackest and worst
That ever was known.
He'd start with a groan
From his couch in the morning, and grizzle away,
A-sobbing and sighing the whole of the day.
Compared with his grief, so dire and dun
Pure melancholy was simply fun.
Compared with his mind, which was hopelessly dark,
"Delirium Tremens" was only a lark.
When Spring o'er the earth flung her mantle of green,
He went moping about, as if sick of the scene ;
When laughing, bright Summer leapt out in the sun,
In anguish the tears from his sad eyes would run :
When Autumn flung glory o'er forests and lands,
It found this sad monarch still wringing his hands.
And even in Winter, when blazed the logs stout,
He looked like a man with his soul frozen out.
All days of the week and all hours of the day
Were the same thing to him,—he was misery's prey.
And he grew worse and worse
'Neath this terrible curse,
Till he looked only fit to be driving a hearse,
Or digging a grave—in the desert—alone.
With the certain assurance, the grave was his own.
Small boys at the sight
Of his face, in affright
Scampered home to their mothers with all their young
might ;
His looks were so black that it made them look white ;
While, meeting quite suddenly—say, late at night—


That woe-begone faee
 In a dark, lonely place,
 Would make an adult greatly quieken his pae.
 Lavater, who studied each phase of each phiz,
 As a study for "grief," would have settled on his.

I think I may say
 That he tried every way
 To drive off the blues, and grow merry and gay.
 All medicines, "Patent" and eommon, he tried,
 "Out and outers," he speedily put them inside.
 He took, by the hundred, miraeulous pills,
 Each box guaranteed as a cure for all ill
 Inidental to man in his earthly career ;
 But they didn't cure him. Then he gave up his beer,
 And relinquished his pipe, threw his whisky aside,
 With his port and his sherry—strict temperanee tried ;
 Wore magnetised bands
 On his feet and his hands ;
 Took strangely named tonies from far-distant lands ;
 Went to dwell by the sea and to sit on the sands ;
 Tried the eold-water eure ; slept with head to the north ;
 Gave up all butchers' meat, and took refuge in broth ;
 Paid people to play, and to danee, and to sing ;—
 But nought seemed to ease this diseonsolate king.

The monareh was slouehing about one day,
 Alone, in a dissolute sort of a way,
 With no objet in view, and no hope in his heart,
 In a dark lonesome wood, when he gave a great start.
 The place was as still as a forest could be,
 Not a bird sang a note, not a breeze stirred a tree.
 The soft sodden elay with the dead leaves was rank,
 And the trees were as wet as the walls of a tank.

 Great toads crawled about,
 With their eyes poking out,
 And snakes seuttled off when the king gave a shout ;
 The mushrooms that grew there were big, fat, and round,
 And wouldn't go more than 'bout two to the pound.

Rats, lazy and big, brushed their whiskers and polls
As they sat at the doors of their own freehold holes.
In sooth 'twas a weird and mysterious place,
And just a fit frame for His Majesty's face.

What made the king start was the sight of a board
That was stuck on a pole, which was stuck in the sward,
And on it was written, I stoutly affirm it,
In capital letters, "THIS WAY TO THE HERMIT." 
The monarch was startled, but still, being brave,
The direction he followed, and came to a cave.
A moment he halted, to stare and take stock,
There was not a knocker, so he couldn't knock ;
He declined, too, to ring, for there wasn't a bell ;
Nor was there a door to this gruesome old cell.
But while he was wondering what he should do,
A voice from the inside cried out, "Who are you
That seeks the old hermit ? Come in, if you please :
Office hours, ten till four ; after that, extra fees."

The cave the king entered was meagre in size,
With nothing to please his fastidious eyes ;
All the furniture there at a sale would knock down
For about eighteenpence, or at most, a half-crown!
A chair with no back, and an old table, oaken ;
Two legs of it missing, the other two broken.
A saucepan that mourned for the loss of its handle,
With a cracked ginger-beer bottle holding a candle,
A plate, and a knife, half a spoon, and a fork,
And a rusty old corkscrew stuck into a cork.
A skull that had seen better days, too, was there,
And some thigh bones, that looked very much worse for wear.
No bedstead or bedding ; a niche in the cave,
Cut out to the size of the mouth of a grave,
Was the old hermit's bedstead, where flat on his back
He covered himself up at night with a sack.

The hermit himself appeared older by far
Than the pictures we see of the oldest "Old Parr."

His teeth had retired, his chin kissed his nose,
And forty years old looked the holes in his clo's.
His head was as bald as the top of a cheese,
While his knees met his chin, and his chin met his knees,
As he sat doubled up in an intricate style,
With his bleared old eyes fixed on the king all the while.
His forehead was wrinkled right over his crown,
And the hue of his pate was a dirty rich brown.
What was left of his face was all withered and pale,
While each nail was as long as a tenpenny nail.

Of course the hermit soon perceived
In his visitor one who was deeply grieved
At something, or nothing, or both perhaps.
He plainly detected misfortune's slaps
In the woeful marks on those woeful cheeks.
And yet when he noticed the elegant breeks,
And rich, rare clothing, he straightway knew
He couldn't belong to the "hard-up" crew.
At length the elderly gentleman said,
"My son, you're in trouble; it bows your head.
My sympathy's great when I gaze on your face,
And if my advice will better your case,
'Tis yours directly. A thing or two
I've learned in my time, and may help you."

The monarch, right pleased at the friendly style
Of the ancient man, the time to beguile
Told all his story, but not his name,
Lest the worthy hermit should feel some shame
At sight of a king. He told how life
Was a burden to him full of trouble and strife;
How he, though rich, was in happiness poor;
And how he was anxious to find a cure
For his mental disorder, concluding his tale
With the means he had tried and found to fail.

Then from a dark nook
The hermit he took,
With a great deal of care, a remarkable book,
All full of quaint astrological signs,
And eights, and sixes, and sevens, and nines ;
With noughts, and crosses, and dashes, and dots,
And hooks, and eyes, and hangers for pots.
Triangles and circles were mixed with squares,
And single figures with figures in pairs.
The words were all writ in some unknown tongue,
Some language quite dead when the world was young.
Some letters were red, and some letters were black,
But all very ugly, and thick in the back.
The lids and the leaves of the book were brown,
And the hermit studied it upside down,
As he muttered a charm .
That worked no harm,
Though his visitor fidgeted much in alarm,
And wished himself out of the dismal den,
On the highroad again, in the midst of his men.

At length the hermit closed the book,
And hid it away in its secret nook,
As he said, with a grin on his parchment face,
“ I have gotten a charm for your terrible case ;
*Find a man who is happy ; do him no hurt ;
But strip him, sir—strip him, and wear his shirt.*
In that garment arrayed all your troubles will fly,
And you'll be the happiest man 'neath the sky.”

Then the king he paid, as a king he should,
A right royal fee, and went from the wood,
And sought his palace, and sank to rest,
As hope for a moment filled his breast.

The monarch went forth the following day,
With a score of attendants brave and gay.
Not quite incog. did he care to go,
But still he objected to much of a show.

He travelled for days
Through crowded ways,
But seldom encountered a hopeful gaze.
Faces he saw that of misery told,
Faces all haggard with hunting for gold,
Faces that told of the midnight oil,
Faces that told of the drunken broil,
Faces drawn sullen with anger and spite,
Faces that loved not the sweet daylight,
Faces of cruelty, faces of pride,
Faces that whispered, no heart inside,
Faces that spoke of the maddening bowl,
Faces that gave not the hint of a soul,
Faces that ogled, and winked, and leered,
Faces that hated, and faces that feared,
Faces distorted with pain and strife,
Faces despairing, that spat at life.
And the heart of the monarch grew sick within,
For the world seemed a show-place for sorrow and sin.
But now and then a face he'd discern
That made him tarry, that he might learn
If the owner was happy ; but day by day
He got but one answer, and rode on his way,
With his brow still clouded with hurtful woe,
For the answer he always got was, "No !"

There sat a rough man at the foot of a tree,
His clothes were as ragged as ragged could be,
His hat had no crown, and the brim was away,
And it had not been brushed for a year and a day.
His coat was the queerest and quaintest in style,
And matched to perfection his battered old tile.
His cheeks were as brown as a well-fried sole,
And his nose was as red as a fiery coal.
A greasy wallet held all his store
Of broken crusts, and a staff he bore
To help him travel, but now it was laid
Across the knees of the roguish blade,

Reclined at length at the foot of the tree,
Singing aloud in his frolicsome glee.
His hat was stuck on at the back of his pate,
And he laughed like a man who has conquered fate.
The bank that he sat on was mossy and soft,
And the smoke from his pipe went sailing aloft,
As he sat on the bank and boldly sang,
With a husky voice and a nasal twang—

“ Oh, he that hath no house or land

No taxes hath to pay,

And he that hath no wife, he hath

No fear she'll run away.

The best of all for great and small

Is to contented be ;

And every man may be content

If he thinks the same as me.

Nought have I to care about ;

Where's the need to think,

While the jolly old world, so full of food,

Keeps me in victuals and drink ? ”

It chanced the king, as he rode along,
Gave eager heed to that noisy song,
And stayed and listened awhile ; then said,
“ Go, bring me that wretch with the rugged head,
And the roguish grin, and the comical leer,
Go, promise him lots of tobacco and beer,
With a silver crown, and a Sunday hat,
And some tickets for soup, all green and fat,
That is made from the turtle. Go, fetch him quick.”
But the vagabond brandished his sturdy stick,
Stood up on his feet, and cried, “ Ho ! ho !
Why, what do you want, I'd like to know ? ”

“ Our master desires thy presence ; for that
And a clean civil tongue, there's a Sunday hat.”

“ A Sunday hat ! ” he laughed, “ and for me !
Why, I wouldn't wear one for all I could see,

But if your master will stand a 'pot,'
 I don't mind chatting, and telling him what
 He wants to know, or what I can.
 A 'pot's' my price, and I'm your man."

Then the beggar advanced with a comical leer,
 And held out his hand for the price of the beer.
 He got so much, that it made him cry,
 With a grin on his dusky face, "Oh my!
 Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! There's one thing I know,
 I'm in luck's way to-day, Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!"
 "My friend," said the monarch, "I want to hear
 If you are happy." "I am; that's clear."
 "But you're ragged and dirty. Why, where's your wife,
 To allow you to lead so disgraceful a life?"
 "My wife? Ha! Ha! I'm a bachelor gay,
 And that's how it is that I have my own way."
 "But where do you live; where's your regular home?"
 "Wherever I rest as I merrily roam.
 My roof is the sky, and my carpet the grass,
 And my music the winds as they merrily pass.
 My tapers are stars, and my lantern the moon,
 And my fire is the sun, when he shines high at noon."
 "But for food?"
 "Ha! Ha! there are fish in the stream,
 Fat and juicy, and fit for an epicure's dream;
 There is game in the woods, there are birds in the air;
 I have nothing to keep, so am empty of care.
 I dance and I sing, I beg and I cadge,
 The suit I am clad in is poverty's badge,
 And moveth to pity. Why, what is more plain?
 To change with a king not a rap could I gain.
 I am never in want, and I've nothing to lose."
 "But surely the rain must go into your shoes,
 There are holes at the top."
 "There's a bigger below,
 So it runs out as fast as it runs in, you know."

“ And you’re quite satisfied with your life as it is? ”
“ I am quite satisfied. You’re a bit of a quiz,
But you’ve treated me handsomely, so I don’t cry ;
I’m the happiest man ’neath the jolly old sky.”

Then the king excitedly cried aloud
To his waiting men, as they stood in a crowd,
“ Ho ! seize him, my servants, but do him no hurt,
I’ll pay him his price, but I must have his shirt.”
His merry men, laughing at thoughts of the fun,
Closed round, ere the beggar could think of a run.
Some tugged at his sleeves, his top garment to peel,
As he kicked right and left, making some of them feel ;
For some caught kicks here, and some caught blows there,
As he lustily roared, “ ’Tisn’t fair ! ’Tisn’t fair !
I’ll take you in turns, if it’s only for sport—
One down, t’other come ; now then, gents, for a quart.”
But they held him so tight, that he thought he should
choke,
While his buttons came off, and his seams they all broke.
“ You’re a-spoiling my clothes, there’s my hat in the dirt.”
“ Get his shirt ! ” roared the king. “ Get his shirt ! Get his
shirt ! ”

They pulled off his coat, but alas and alack !
For the happiest man had no shirt to his back.



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

HENRY LLOYD.

THERE are many serious charges brought against the custom of smoking tobacco. A very prominent charge is the following: Smoking is a habit that, after some time, becomes master of the individual, and finally, like a huge fiery-eyed devil-fish, grasps him under, over, and all round and so sinks the helpless victim in the ocean of destruction.

I do not intend to dispute the statement, but to show, by a little story, that this charge is to be laid at the door of habit, and not at the door of smoking.

What I have to relate can scarcely be called a story. It is devoid of plot; and yet, though it be simply an incident, an every-day occurrence, it is a tragedy. Ah! my brothers, it is a false thing to believe that tragedy goes about in a slouched hat and a long cloak with a blood-stained dagger hid beneath it. Tragedy often wears a white hat, and soaps its moustache; tragedy puts up an umbrella when it rains, and is not insensible to corns.

Mr. Kidmer Jones was a young man of dissipated habits. Up to the age of twenty-seven he drank grog and smoked tobacco as it pleased his wild soul, and was in every respect a worshipper of pleasure.

At the age of twenty-seven Kidmer found himself queer. As he expressed himself to a friend, he felt like a trap with both wheels off and the axle-tree broken—no “go” in him. An anti-smoker induced him to attend an anti-tobacco meeting. He went, but did not feel much interest in the proceedings till a gentleman of the name of Mr. Jubilee Strong made a speech.

In the course of his oration Mr. Jubilee Strong said :—
“I accuse tobacco of being the greatest time-waster in the universe. Procrastination has been called the thief of time, but Tobacco is its murderer. We all of us waste a good bit of time in trivial matters, and sometimes with small results ; but time devoted to smoking results in nothing—that is, in nothing good, but in everything that’s bad. Smokers actually steal time from their short lives to make them still shorter. Be warned, then, by me. Time is money, and money is houses, lands, luxuries, honours, titles, and success. Time is money ! Time is money ! Therefore, waste not the ten-thousandth part of a fraction of a broken jiffy, lest you rue it.”

Mr. Jubilee Strong sat down at this ; and Mr. Kidmer Jones was converted. Doubt it not, little things work wonders.

“Time is money,” said Kidmer Jones, as he lay on his pillow that night ; “and smoking is the destroyer of time. Consequently, smoking is a thief, a burglar, a highwayman, a foot-pad, a shop-lifter, a till-starter, a safe-breaker, and an area sneak. To think that I have been the friend of such an immoral lot ! No more. Tobacco, good-bye for ever ! Good-night, accursed weed !” Then the reformed one slept.

Within three months, the change in Mr. Jones was something astounding. As he had smoked from early youth, his energy had been lying dormant a great many years. Now it began to develop itself, and the long-pent-up, immaterial, and unslayable element came forth as an invisible giant.

“Time is money,” was now Kidmer’s motto. “Time is money !” was his exclamation, as he started up in the morning and plunged into his bath. “Time is money !” cried he, as, after a sharp breakfast, he hurried down the street. “Time is money !” he shouted, with his head out of the window of an express train, to urge the driver to greater speed ; and foot-passengers stepped aside in wonderment at the sight of a flying figure in the thickest parts of the city, wildly crying, “Time is money !”

There never was a good theory which could not, by misapplication, be developed into bad practice. This was where Mr. Jones was—just exactly on that spot.

He gave up his cold bath in the morning, he went with his beard unshorn, his hair uncombed, and his boots unlaced, because time was money; he bolted his food, and shortened his night's rest to four hours, to save time. He dispensed with the ordinary civilities and courtesies of every-day life; he could not spare time to speak to a friend in the street, or to call on one at home. Once, a friend and boon companion called and asked him to a little friendly supper at "The Wobbling Unicorn." "What!" shrieked Kidmer, his hair standing on end, and his eyes nearly starting out of his head. "What! Me spend hours of precious time, hours of precious money, in conviviality? Oh! oh! the thought is too dreadful!" And he sank, sobbing, into his chair; but only for a moment. Without waiting to wipe the tears from his sad eyes, he seized his hat, and was out of the house and round the corner, crying, "Time is money!" before his scared friend could fetch down his astonished eyebrows.

I beseech the reader to look not so much at the facts of the case as the theory. Habits bad or good, not under the control of their proprietor, will lead him wrong. Take a case from history—profane history. Hercules performed so many wonderful and never-to-be-equalled feats—in fact, got into such a habit of doing things that other men could not do—that he imagined he could wear a second hand shirt with impunity. He fitted on the garment, and his funeral, with cremationary honours, happened very soon afterwards. Habit—h'm!—very soon settled him.

Take the case of a man I knew. I will not mention his name, because it always vexes him to hear the circumstance. He courted a young lady for seventeen years, and then he married her. During these seventeen years he used to go every night, Sundays excepted, and sit under her bedroom window after she had retired to rest, and sing, in a low, dreamy manner, "Meet me by Moonlight Alone." The

young people were married on a Sunday. On the Monday night the bride missed her husband for quite an hour—in fact, from ten o'clock till eleven. The next night the mystery was repeated. The next night she hunted around for him, and found him at the old spot, singing the same old song. Just as she arrived at the place, her father's window opened, and the old man cried out, "Look here, John, I've stood that for seventeen years and more, and if you don't stop it now, I will." I simply relate this story to show you the force of habit.

I have little more to say concerning Kidmer Jones. His relations and friends tried every means in their power to save him. They shaved his head and applied leeches, holding him by force while the operation proceeded; but he managed to knock down the barber and accidentally swallow a leech, and was no better after all.

The man was clearly mad. He gave up washing himself because of the waste of time, and fed exclusively on sandwiches, because he could devour them while on the wing.

Exactly twelve months after his conversion Kidmer Jones lay at his last gasp; he could no longer get about—but why prolong the harrowing scene? He knew he was going, and desired to see the undertaker. "My friend," said Jones, "on the road with me, do not walk but gallop; for you know that 'Time is money.'" Mr. Jones did not last long after this; he bade good-bye to his friends, and muttering, "'Time is money!" departed in haste.

RUE IS IN PRIME.

WILLIAM THOMSON.

A HUNDRED times I softly sighed—
"Be mine, dear maid, be mine!"
Ere she consented. Now I wish
I'd stopped at ninety-nine.

MR. CRUMP.

A CAUTION TO SMOKERS.

'Tis very sad when we reflect
On those who die from sheer neglect,
But sadder when we meditate
On those who woo a shocking fate,
As if 'twere bliss. Oh, cruel plight !
To be misled by appetite.
Be heedful then unto my tale,
And do not let its moral fail ;
It should a solemn warning prove
To all who are with pipes in love.

The history of Crump is this :
He once had swam in seas of bliss,
And talked of love and fond devotion,
And hearts and darts, with much emotion.
For day and night, one form alone
Dwelt in his heart upon Love's throne.
To her he dedicated sonnets,
And bought her gloves, and gave her bonnets ;
The while they sailed on Life's glad stream,
Together singing, " Love's young Dream."

"The scene was changed," as Mr. What's-
His-name in " Mary Queen of Scots"
Observes so oft. She jilted him ;
Perchance to gratify a whim,
Maybe, to bless a richer suitor ;
Which, none can tell.
This I know well ;

He vowed at first that he would shoot her,
Then seemed inclined
To change his mind,
And shoot himself, or hang, or drown.
But, after prowling through the town
A few short weeks
With hollow cheeks,
He gave up thoughts of early choking,
And bought a pipe, and took to smoking.
And then and there he made a vow,
That anywhere, and anyhow,
In any situation,
He'd part with health, and wealth—yea life,
Before he'd take himself a wife
On any provocation.

He lit his pipe—ah, foolish hour !
He'd lost a precious, peerless flower,—
And so he took a weed.
And then he took a glass of beer,
His first pipe made him feel so queer,
So very queer indeed.
His drooping head hung on one side,
He thought at first he should have died,
He felt so much at sea.
The place seemed going round and round,
His feet seemed scarce to touch the ground,
He leaned against a tree.
His eyes grew dim, his breath came thick,
His muddled soul felt faint and sick,
So home he reeled to bed.
The houses wobbled down the street ;
He was unwell,
He scarce could tell
If he was walking on his feet,
Or standing on his head.

For many days with tearful eye
He watched the smokers going by,

And longed to be among the throng,
 But only darcd to look and long,
 Until one day he spied a lad—
 Ah, woeful was the sight, and sad!
 For he was smoking mild brown paper,
 And puffing forth a cloud of vapour.

“Come here, my lad,” said he, “come here;
 I’ll give you sherbet, ginger-beer,

Pine apple-rock—

Ah, quite a stock!

Figs, plums, and brandy-balls, and ice,
 With everything that’s sweet and nice,
 If you will teach me how to smoke.”

“Now stow it, guv’nor, none of that,
 You don’t suppose I’m sich a flat
 As to be gammoned that ’ere way.”

“Indeed, I do mean what I say;
 I’m in no mood to crack a joke;
 So, here is silver—see it shine.
 Direct me truly, and ’tis thine.”

This fetched at once the knowing child,
 Who straight commenced, and winked, and smiled
 To see his pupil jot it down.

“Begin to smoke with paper, brown,
 And if that does not fog your brain,
 Purceed at once to slips of cane;
 Then heads of clover nice and dry.”

“What! buy a bundle?”

“Oh my eye!

Now ain’t you green; go where they sell it;
 If you can’t see it you can smell it;
 Wait till the man’s inside, you know,
 Then watch your chance, and prig it, so.
 Next try Herb Bacca; you’re a swell,
 And can afford it werry well.

Then try real weed, say ‘Mild Bird’s Eye.’
 You’ll do, old boy, so never say die.”

He gave the youth a half-a-crown,
 Went home and smoked his paper, brown,
 Then cane, then clover daily ;
 He persevered, until at last
 His qualms stomachic all were past ;
 He smoked his bacca gaily.

So time sped onward, *thirty years*.
 This man he wedded never ;
 He seemed to have, 'mid smiles and tears,
 One only wish, through hopes and fears,
 To smoke, and smoke for ever.

Now let us take a look at him :
 His teeth are gone, his eyes are dim,
 He halts upon one leg ;
 His head is bald, and smooth and fair
 (He has no son nor any hair),
 'Tis bald as any egg :
 In fact, 'tis bare,
 I do declare,
 As a Windsor chair's hind leg.
 Yet one more figure craves to come,
 His head is as bald as the head of a drum.

One evening, as alone he sat,
 A-winking at his favourite cat,
 That purred before the fire,
 He blew a most tremendous cloud,
 And though alone, he spoke aloud
 To show his heart's desire.

“ I've smoked so much, I've smoked so long,
 Tobacco mild, tobacco strong,
 The habit has so bound me ;
 I've coloured pipes—ay, scores on scores,
 I've tinted bedsteads, chests of drawers,
 And everything around me ;

My ceiling, that was lily-white,
 With smoking morn, and noon, and night,
 Is black as any nigger ;
 I really think, upon the whole,
 My head's so like a meerschaum bowl,
 Smooth, round, though somewhat bigger,
 That if I were to persevere,
 'Twould colour well from ear to ear,
 A lovely brownish tint.
 From base to crown it is so clear,
 Not even a hair to interfere
 With my experiment."

He reasoned thus, and set to work,
 And harder smoked than any Turk,
 His pipe was always in his mouth,
 And east or west, or north or south,
 Whichever way the wind it blew,
 A cloud of smoke it floated too.
 His friends declared he must be daft,
 He smoked like any factory shaft ;
 And nought he cared for angry eyes,
 Or sullen brows, or clouded skies.
 What joy, though all the world looked glum,
 'Twould be to tint his cranium.

One evening, as he blew a cloud,
 There entered to him quite a crowd,
 In fact, a deputation
 Collected from the neighbourhood ;
 He begged they'd make their errand good
 And give some explanation.
 " And, gentlemen, now you're inside,
 Be seated, pray ; it is with pride
 I greet your noble selves ;
 Excuse the pipes which here you see ;
 If you would like to smoke with me,
 There's ' Bacca ' on the shelves."

He closed the doors and windows tight,
And sat and smoked with all his might,
 Absorbed in contemplation ;
He smiled, and looked as cruel kind
As if he had made up his mind
 To choke the deputation.

At length the worthy leader spoke, —
His dim form looming through the smoke :
 “ Excuse, sir, this intrusion —
He coughed, and gasped, but to it stood ; —
“ We’ve come to save—the neighbourhood
 From choking—and—confusion.
Your smoke—sir—spoils—the trees and flowers,
It fades—the roses—in the bowers,
 It sets us all a-wheezeing ;
Our little ones—are ill—and sick,
All through—your—sui-cidal trick ;
 It sets—our cattle—sneezeing.
It is—a pos—itive—disgrace,
From every vent—about—your place,
 All day—the smoke—doth issue.
We come—to beg—that you—will move,
Or you—will find—sir—we—shall prove—
 Ah—ah—ah—ah—ah—tichu ! ”

They doubtless would have proved a lot
Of things, but here the smoke it got
So precious strong and precious hot,
 It proved a perfect choker.
So up they rose, and down the stair
They stumbled, gasping for fresh air,
And, like Hope smiling at Despair,
 They left this dreadful smoker.

The days went by, and older grew
Our smoking friend ; a wondrous hue
Of soft and lovely Vandyke brown
Was creeping upward to his crown ;

Just where the crows' feet come when old
 The colour shone like tarnished gold ;
 While saffron nose and amber cheeks
 His marvellous success bespeaks.
 And still he smoked, and smoked, and smoked,
 Till everything around him choked ;
 No man or maid would keep his house,
 He suffocated every mouse

And every rat,

His dog and cat

Had long been choked—but what of that ?

The beetles, black as Wallsend coals,

Were suffocated in their holes ;

The flies got drunk, and couldn't fly,

But dropped, and died without a sigh ;

Blue-bottles fell with sudden flop,

And fleas expired while on the hop ;

The wary spiders lost their wits,

And died in apoplectic fits ;

The very cricket on the hearth,

Brain fuddled, missed his usual path,

Fell in a cup,

His toes turned up,

And died in his unlooked-for bath.

And still Crump smoked till all his crown

Was coloured to a golden brown ;

Like the golden brown of a meerschaum bowl,

Or the upper crust of a halfpenny roll,

Or a penny bun,

Or a Sally Lunn—

In fact, it was what you might call dun.

But oh, alas for man's ambition !

Whate'er his aim is, or condition,

Or howsoe'er he labours,

There's something sure to interfère ;

'Time deals in man-traps, and 'tis clear

Good luck and bad are neighbours.

The world's not smooth, although 'tis round,
Our aim's the sky, our home's the ground,
 'Though wise we be and clever.
We climb, and climb, and never stop,
And just as we think to reach the top,
We somehow miss, and come down flop,
Head over heels, all neck and crop,
The higher our perch the deeper our drop ;
 And so it has been for ever.

Each mortal we know has peculiar ways,
'That cling to him closely the whole of his days ;
And here and there long-headed ones rise
'To tell a man's ways by the look of his eyes,
By the make of his nose, or the shape of his hand.
There are several sciences fitly plann'd
To teach us each other to understand ;
And the one we have need to consider just now
Is the telling by "bumps" on the head and the brow
If a man is a saint or a riotous sinner,
An ascetic at feasts, or a glutton at dinner ;
If he's haughty and proud, if he's lowly and meek,
A genuine man, or perfidious sneak.
It may be true, but it's rather stiff
'To christen a person a vagabond, if
His "conscientiousness" is small,
And "benevolence" is not found at all.
I trust the naming of the "bumps"
Will give no one the "doleful dumps."
'There's "Individuality,"
And "Colour" and "Locality,"
"Weight," "Form," and "Ideality,"
"Hope," "Size," "Order," "Veneration,"
And the organ of Babbage, "Calculation,"
"Mirthfulness," "Tune," and "Imitation,"
"Firmness," "Destructiveness," "Eventuality,"
"Philoprogenitiveness," and "Causality ;"

And bumps of every sort and size,
Behind the ears and over the eyes.

The climax must be my apology
For introducing here Phrenology.

To return to poor Crump the old smoker again,
He had been through his life most excessively vain ;
So the bump that is termed "Self-Esteem" on his head
Was exceedingly large, having been so well fed ;
And now that his head was this beautiful brown,
This particular bump on the top of his crown
Wouldn't colour at all. Ah, the sorrowful sight !
He could see in the glass 'twas an obstinate white.
He smoked and he smoked in a passionate state,
And he scowled through his glass at the top of his pate
"Self-Esteem" would not colour, he could not tell why,
The skull was too thick, or the organ too high,
Or there might be a crack, "Very likely," he'd sigh.
So he smoked and he smoked, and fell wondering
whether

'Twould colour, if covered with chamois leather,
As meerschaums are clad. Full of hope was the thought.
To a shop then he went, and some leather he bought ;
Then he made him a cap that just covered the bump,
Fixed it on with two strings, and pronounced it a
trump.

He certainly was a determined old chap,
For he smoked for three months and disturbed not
his cap ;
Then at last took it off with much trembling and fright
And sank back aghast, for the bump was still white !

Too much, too much, this last sad stroke ;
His poor old heart it nearly broke ;
He took to his bed, and he seldom spoke ;
But he said to a friend who sat by him,
"I'm going to leave you, my eyes are dim ;

I know you've thought me half demented,
You've christened me 'Mad Mr. Crump.'

Well, be it so,
I'm going to go.

I should have died much more contented
Had I but coloured this last bump."

Then came the end, and o'er his head
They raised a stone, and thus it said :
" Earthly ambition, ponder here,
And drop a kind and pitying tear ;
The man who lies at rest below
Has gone the way we all must go.
His fate was sad, his name was Crump ;
His hair departing left him bald ;
He died at last extremely galled,
Because he could not tint the bump
Phrenologists term 'Self-Esteem.'
It was a vain and foolish dream,

That cost him tears
And wasted years.
His body, we know,
It lies below ;

His soul, we trust, hath flown to heaven,
Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven.
Be warned by this sad fate of Crump's,
And don't attempt to colour your bumps."



A PAIR OF THEM.

HENRY LLOYD.

THE REV. THOMAS CHELLY was a good man. He was a Dissenting minister, and known and loved for his kindly simplicity and unpretending manner. There are among Dissenters many men who are not pleasant—coarse, bigoted individuals, who offend educated minds by their ranting violence ; but there are many who, like our hero, are fit for any society, and who are ever ready to do good to those who want it, whether their wants are physical or spiritual. The little story I have to relate concerning him has not much in it ; but it amused him for a very long time, and it may be thought not unworthy of the notice of other smokers. For, let it be known that Mr. Chelly greatly loved the weed, and it made him a softer-natured, gentler man—and so, why should he not ?

On one occasion he was called to preach a charity sermon at some distance from home, and was to be located for a couple of nights at the house of a gentleman of whom he had no knowledge whatever. He knew by report that he was a good, kindly natured man, and he had no doubt he should be made very comfortable. There was only one thing that troubled him—should he be able to get his pleasant after-supper pipe ? At the time of this occurrence, some thirty years ago, smoking was looked upon in a very different light to what it is now ; and most reverend gentlemen who indulged in the weed did it very quietly—and quite right they were to do it so. There could be no earthly use in announcing their habits from the house-top, if such announcement would offend their flock. Because Mr. Robinson disagrees with Mr. Jones, it is no reason to

suppose that Mr. Jones is wrong on every point that Robinson does not like. If Robinson is sensible he will take his own path, and not go shouting over to Jones to aggravate him.

Suppose you—*you*, I mean—choose to go to bed in your overcoat and spectacles—it is a harmless habit, and no one need trouble about it; but if you go down the street knocking at doors and ringing at bells to tell people about it, you are seriously to blame.

Our reverend hero, however, hoping that things might turn out favourably, put his pipe and some tobacco in his pocket, and set out on his journey.

He arrived at the house of Mr. Harper in the afternoon, and had a very pleasant tea with that gentleman and his family. He discovered in his host a hearty, liberal spirit, and found him to be a man of good sense, excellent health, and capital appetite. After tea they went to a meeting of the “body” to which Mr. Chelly belonged, and on their return supped as pleasantly as they had teaed. Some short time was spent after supper in edifying discourse, and then the good lady of the house retired to rest, leaving the gentlemen in possession of the field.

Mr. Chelly had taken heart at the appearance of his host, and determined to ask permission to smoke his pipe before retiring to rest. When they were left together, he looked at his host, and his host looked at him. The reverend gentleman’s fingers were itching to get at that pipe and weed in his pocket, but he felt nervously afraid to introduce the subject, lest the good brother should feel offended, and look upon him as, if not decidedly a lost sheep, at least one who was turning away from green pastures to weeds of wickedness; so he felt his chin, and looked in the fire, and considered.

“Be a man!” said the inward monitor, “and speak out.”

“What do you——” began he.

“Don’t! don’t! don’t!” said the inward monitor, going over to the opposition side all in a great hurry.

Speaking personally, I don’t believe much in these inward

monitors. I daresay my experience is much the same as other people's; I've felt unable to decide on "no" or "yes." The inward monitor has said—almost shouted—"Say, 'yes.'" I've said "yes," and ten minutes after, that mean sneak of an internal adviser has unblushingly said—"What a fool you were to say 'yes!' why didn't you say 'no'?"

Again did Mr. Chelly gaze into the fire and rub his chin; then he sat on that inward monitor, so to speak, and plucked up courage; put his hand round to his left pocket where the pipe was; let it wander to the right pocket; pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose—a dead failure, followed by a dead silence.

The host got up and went towards a cupboard, but stopped meditatively, took a left-half-turn and wound up the clock—then sat down again and stirred the fire.

The minister looked as fierce as such a good man could, and said, with some abruptness,—

"What do you think of the habit of sm—of, of—s—s—sleeping in chapel?" He couldn't say smoking.

"Very bad, undoubtedly," said Mr. Harper. As the minister thought the same on this point, there could be little discussion; and as he really couldn't go much longer without his pipe, he said he would take his candle and retire.

Mr. Harper gave a big sigh, as if he was either in trouble or else greatly relieved, and said "Good-night!" and Mr. Chelly moved upstairs.

Having placed his candle on the dressing-table he closed his door, and quietly opened the window as wide as he could. It was a glorious summer night, and his window overlooked a wide stretch of well-grown gardens, that lay all bathed in the shine and shadow of moonlight.

"This is beautiful!" said the good man, as he gazed out into the calm silence. Then he drew a chair to the open window, and, lighting his pipe, gave himself up to tranquil meditation; the blue smoke curled above his head, and then stole out softly into the moonlit air and floated into nothingness.

He had sat there enjoying his pipe only a few minutes when he heard a violent sneeze immediately below his window. This startled him a bit, so he presently popped his reverend head and shoulders out to see what was the matter.

“What! Yes!” There it was, sure enough—smoke—a calm peaceful cloud hanging round the open window of the room he had recently quitted, which was situated immediately below his own; and there was the elbow of his host and the bowl of a long pipe both resting peacefully on the window-sill.

It was too much for him. Before he knew what he was at, he gave vent to a gentle “Ha! ha! ha! Brother Harper, I see you. Ha! ha! ha!”

This immediately brought out the head of the consciously guilty Brother Harper, who looked up in some alarm; but lo and behold! there was his reverend guest doing like unto himself. “Oh, that’s it,” said the host, “that’s it, is it? Ha! ha! ha! come down, come down, sir.”

So down he went, and these two smokers mingled their clouds and confessed their mutual fears of exciting reproach; and over a glass of Mr. Harper’s comfort they made righteously merry, and were two of the best friends ever afterwards.



Carlyle says: “Tobacco smoke is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say. Nay, rather,” he says, “every man is admonished and enjoined by the laws of honour, and even of personal ease, to stop short of that point; at all events, to hold his peace and take to his pipe again the instant he *has* spoken his meaning, if he chance to have any. The results of which salutary practice if introduced into constitutional Parliaments, might evidently be incalculable.”

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

THE ONLY TRUE VERSION.

HENRY LLOYD.

SAD in his dungeon Bruce reclined,
Oh, how his heart did swell !
As low he murmured, unresigned,
“This dungeon is a sell.

“No luxury at all for me,
My weary heart to ease ;
The bread is sour, most certainly
The bread is not the cheese.

“The water, too, a wash requires,
’Tis thick and green and sandy ;
I’d fill to drink to my good squires
If I’d a filter handy.

“A lucky piece of work ’twould be
If I could get outside ;
But liberty is not for me,
The gloomy man outsigned.

“The walls, so thick I can’t get through,
They fright my trembling soul ;
Damp, dismal, and of gruesome hue,
They’re black as Wallsend coal.

“And I am here a captive sore,
By sorrow jarred and jolted .
If I could but unbolt the door,
They’d find the captive bolted.

“The window there might let me out
If I the wall could climb it ;
And once well through, without a doubt,
I’d seek another climate.”

While yet he spake, a spider there,
Began to upward crawl ;
Of no avail his efforts were,
He only rose to fall.

For on his route so rough and dim
There was a treacherous crack,
Which proved a sore affront to him,
And pitched him on his back.

Yet was he beaten not, ’tis clear
He bridled in his rage ;
Unsaddled by a single fear,
He meant to quit that cage.

’Twas fortitude we all can see
With which he was endued ;
He had so much of it, that we
Might call it fiftitude.

So let us strive when Fate retains
The boon we fiercely seek ;
What she won’t give to worth and brains
She oft bestows on cheek.

The spider wished his prey to stalk
Beneath the open sky ;
He didn’t mean to take a walk,
He meant to take a fly.

Once more his way he tried to wind,
To seek the field and moor ;
But fell upon his back behind,
Just as he did before.

Failure! to that he wouldn't own,
 Though bitter was his cup;
 But though hard fate had thrown him down,
 He wouldn't throw it up.

The third time, too, it found him done.
 Said Bruce, "Alas! poor spider;
 First, second, third, you haven't won,
 Yet are you no outsider."

Bruce, though a captive far from gay,
 Still liked his little jokes;
 So said, "This is not Derby Day,
 It is more like the Hoax."

A fourth time, too, he climbed up well,
 The window to go through;
 Bruce murmured, as the insect fell,
 "Four times! this is too too."

Æsthetic terms the Bruce he struck,
 He really was so riled;
 Why not? such desperate ill luck
 Would e'en make Oscar Wild.

A fifth time down he came again,
 And dusted all his jacket;
 "Fives all!" the captive cried in pain;
 "Oh, what a precious racket!"

"See, six!" cried Bruce; "oh, drat it all!
 Suspense it maketh me sick;
 I see him rise, I see him fall,
 Mine is a case of see sick."

Another trial, by careful ways
 He climbed to nearer heaven,
 Then dropped, like one who billiards plays:
 'The Bruce he called out, "Seven!"

As if reminded of the game,
He gave a gloomy look !
And said, " If he a point should claim,
He'll get it by a fluke."

" Now eight, to show you are not doomed
To this vile den and rude,"
Cried Bruce ; he tried, but soon resumed
His former attitude.

Awhile he sat and scratched his head,
His task he'd not resign ;
Bruce said, " If he should try nine times,
O Fate, be more benign."

Bruce stopped the crack with crumbled bread,
And smiled. " He'll think it strange,
He's had eight good hot rolls," he said,
" Stale bread will be a change."

The ninth time tried, he passed the crack,
Bruce laughed aloud in glee ;
And leaping on the spider's back,
Passed through the window free.

A TIP-CAT.

WILLIAM THOMSON.

A TIP-CAT, a wooden bat,
A happy little boy ;
A merry game, eyes aflame,
Bosom full of joy.

A Tip-cat, a wooden bat,
A crash—a broken pane ;
A mother's knee, one-two-three,
" I'll ne'er do it again."

THE CRIMINAL.

HENRY LLOYD.

“PLEASE, sir, I seed Dick Green smokin’.”

“What!” hastily exclaimed the astonished schoolmaster.

“Dick Green smokin’, sir.”

“When? where?” shrieked the horrified pedagogue.

“Jest now, sir, in the medder, sir; down by Mister Brown’s cow-shed.”

“You—saw—Master Green—smoking—in the meadow—by Mr. Brown’s cow-shed—eh?”

“Yes, sir; true as goodness I did.”

“All right,” said the old man; “go to your seat, Jerry.”

Jerry Sneak, who was very warm with his exertions to get to school before the other boys, went to his seat and fanned himself with his cap, occasionally diversifying the entertainment by demolishing a fly with his dirty fist.

The old man was the village schoolmaster; Jerry was the village sneak. Nature makes her men from given materials, rejecting certain dross; this must not, however, be wasted; so when there is a sufficient quantity on hand, an unsatisfactory carcass is knocked up, and a sneak is introduced to the world. That is the only way of getting to a proper understanding of certain embodied meannesses that worry the world. A good, honest thief, or an able-bodied burglar, are men whose energies have been unfortunately turned in wrong directions. They may be reformed—but a sneak, never! Dick Green the criminal was one of the old man’s scholars, and was generally in a scrape. He was no sneak—they seldom get into scrapes; they’re so busy getting others into tight places that they have no time to go there

themselves. The schoolmaster was violently agitated as boy after boy came bundling into school, and rapped his cane on the desk with such unmistakable ferocity that the boldest there felt his fourteen-year-power soul shrink down among his hobnails.

Last of all came in Dick Green—late, of course, and looking for all the world as if he knew nothing at all about that clay-pipe in his left-leg trousers pocket.

The afternoon lessons proceeded, and in due course came to a satisfactory end. Before dismissing the boys, the old man called “Order!” and order came.

Then he cried out in a loud voice—“Green! come here,” and Green went there.

“Jerry! come here,” and the accused and accuser stood side by side,

“Now, sir!” thundered the irate pedagogue to Green; “answer me a question. What were you doing in the meadow this afternoon?”

“Nothing, sir.”

“Nothing, sir? nothing? Oh, you bad boy! Jerry, what was he doing?”

“Smoking, sir.”

“Is that nothing, Green?” said the old man, in a mournful voice. “I am ashamed to call you a pupil of mine—you that I have endeavoured to train to not only a useful but a moral life. I have explained to you the use of the globes, taught you grammar, arithmetic, orthography or the art of spelling, and also drawing. What were you doing with that pipe, Green?”

“D—drawing, sir.”

“Drawing! do you dare to mock me? You were smoking, sir; were you not?”

“Yes, sir.”

“That will do. Boys, you can go; Green, stay there. Jerry, go and tell Green’s father I want to see him; you’ll find him in the cabbage field; and as you pass by the cottage you may also inform Green’s mother I shall be glad of a word with her. They are honest people, and I

should be sorry for their lad to bring ruin and disgrace to their house. I perceive a rigorous course must be pursued to save this lad from the gallows. Now, Jerry, start!" Jerry was gone, and the old schoolmaster sat silently contemplating a picture on the wall. Dick Green occupied the time by determining that the "hiding" Jerry should get should be measured by the amount of suffering he himself should be called to pass through. Presently a heavy man came blundering in at the doorway; and, pulling off his cap, said,—

"Arternoon, Mister Perks; Jerry come along an' sed as yer wanted to speak partikler to me. Wot's up?"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Green. I will speak to you on a very grave subject presently, if you will be kind enough to be seated. Ah! here comes your good wife."

Mr. Green began to reflect upon the distance of his latest "drunk," and wonder if that had anything to do with his present position. Mrs. Green entered the room hurriedly.

"What is the matter, sir? Lor', it give me sich a turn! Jerry wouldn't tell me; he's come along with me. I thought my Richard had got a fit; but I can see now he's been a-misbehavin' of himself. You bad boy!"

"Please to sit down, Mrs. Green. Jerry, you can come in."

Jerry came in, looking as solemn as if the world was coming to an end presently, and he'd got to turn the handle.

"My dear friends," began the master. "Now, Green!"

"Yes, sir—me, sir!" said Green senior, in a fright, for the voice of the schoolmaster was sharp.

"No, not you, Mr. Green; I was speaking to your son."

The fact was, he had caught young Dick shaking his head and looking "ominous" at Jerry.

"My dear friends, we are met together upon a trying occasion—trying to yourselves, trying to me—and it may result in a trying time to your youthful son. Prodigious wickedness naturally expands from baneful habits contracted

in early life. If these poisonous weeds be not destroyed in the garden of the child's heart, they will hereafter infallibly choke any good and beautiful flowers that may try to spring up and find sustenance there. Your son has shown on various occasions that his mind is not plentiful in good things—in flowers, I may say—but rather in bad things, or weeds. I have, and I know that you have, tried to eradicate, pull up, knock out, or destroy in some way these noxious productions; but, alas! how vain have been our efforts! I have discovered this day the presence of so deadly a weed that we must combine our forces—father, mother, and tutor—to stop its growth. The weed I allude to is tobacco!”

“Oh! please, sir——”

“Peace, Richard Green!” said the schoolmaster, in such a tragical tone that Dick's speech died in its birth.

“Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Green—your son has been smoking this very day.”

“Oh, the young blaggard!” said the virtuous and indignant father.

“The dirty little villin!” observed his equally virtuous and indignant mother.

The schoolmaster waved his hand. “Vituperative epithets are useful only to agitate and stir up to greater desperation the mind of the receiver; they are of no use whatever in this sad case. We must seek a sharper and more decisive remedy than abuse.”

“I'll tan him,” growled the “heavy father.”

“I'll break every bone in his skin,” chimed in his loving mother. Dick had undergone this threat so often without being seriously dislocated that he didn't as yet feel any very great alarm.

“Personal chastisement,” said Mr. Perks, “to be effectual should be deliberate—a greater amount of punishment is secured to the criminal by anticipation. The crime of which your son has been guilty is very enormous; the baneful habit of smoking is very injurious; the pure atmosphere of heaven is contaminated, and various diseases are

contracted by individuals. For a child like your son to smoke tobacco——”

“If you please, sir——”

“Green! will you hold your tongue? If not, I shall be compelled to give you a little punishment on account; and I warn you it shall in no wise reduce the principal.”

Mr. Green, senior, said he thought “as how if he took Dick home, and licked him out of hand, things ’ud go on about straight, and there’d be nothing owing.”

Mrs. Green suggested the application of tobacco to his lips to make him sick of the taste, and the application of another vegetable production, called “birch,” to another part of his sinful carcase. Mr. Perks said he thought that “as he was provided with a good cane and a well-regulated mind, they might safely leave Richard’s punishment to him.”

It seemed now as if Dick would have three severe accounts to settle, body and legs, before his three judges would feel quite easy in their minds as to his future reformation. Dick began to take this view of the matter, and couldn’t well help doing a little snivel.

“Shut up!” growled Green, senior.

“Oh, you precious little beast!” was the observation thrown at him by his gentle mother.

“Now, Jerry,” said the schoolmaster, “in order that the criminal may not hereafter accuse us of unfair behaviour, we will hear from your lips a description of the event. The recital of Green’s heinous offence may possibly soften his obdurate heart, and expose to him in its true horrors the iniquity of his proceeding. Speak up, Jerry!”

“Well, sir, I was a-comin’ along to school, a-thinkin’ of wot you told us this morning in the jography class, about King Edward wot ’ad a lion’s ’art, an’ six wives, an’ smothered his neveys in the Breeches Museum, an’ was afterwards a-hexecuted for bringing up postage stamps——”

“Stop, Jerry, stop! I find your history is a good deal mixed up; so leave all that out, and tell us about Green.”

“Well, sir, as I was comin’ along by Mr. Brown’s orchid,

looking out to see as nobody stole his apples, who should I see but Dick Green, with a pipe in his mouth, down alongside the cow-shed? Well, arter he'd looked round, an' didn't see me, 'cos I'd got behind a cart, he pulled out a lot of 'bacca and filled his pipe——”

“Oh! if yer please, sir——”

“Will you be silent?” shouted Mr. Perks, nearly killing a bluebottle on Dick's shoulder. “Go on, Jerry.”

“Then he strikes a light an' begins to smoke, an' off I runs to tell yer—an' that's all, sir.”

“Now,” said the schoolmaster, turning to Dick, who was rubbing his eyes with one hand, and his shoulder with the other—“now, you have heard the charge, answer me. Firstly, were you smoking?”

“Ye-e-es, sir.”

“You hear that, Mr. and Mrs. Green? This proves to us that Jerry is a good boy, and incapable of lying. Where did you get your pipe?”

“F-f-found it, sir.”

“Found it—eh?”

“Yes, sir—in father's po-p-pocket,” sobbed Dick.

“Mr. Green! I was afraid you had possibly set your son a bad example in this matter. Do you smoke?”

“Well, sir, I'm sorry to say—leastways I mean—that is, I know it's injawrious; I only smoke a little for the jawr-ache.”

“Well, sir, if you prefer to smoke, you can; but it's not wise—no, not wise;” and the little old schoolmaster looked as full of wisdom as if he'd lived on nothing but stewed owls all his life.

“And now, Master Richard, where did you obtain your tobacco?”

“Please, sir——”

“That will not do—no prevarication; did you steal it?”

“No, sir.”

“Did you buy it?”

“No, sir.”

“Then where did you get your tobacco?”

"I DIDN'T HAVE NO 'BACCA!" fairly roared Dick.

"No 'bacca!" echoed all the four simultaneously; while Jerry couldn't help tacking on, "Wot a whopper!"

"No," said Dick, rather proud of the sensation, he'd made; "*it was only clover!*"



THE ABBREVIATED COCKROACH.

HENRY LLOYD.

YE sympathetic souls, give ear,
And share with me each sigh,
Whilst I relate, in accents drear,
A cutting tragedy.

With eyes a-wet with tears of woe
The subject I approach,
By asking you to mercy show
To every poor Cockroach.

To life, who dares dispute his claim,
Since he is here to prowl?
Why kill a thing that is not game,
Nor even fish nor fowl?

Manlike he is, we may suppose,
He has his fights and squabbles;
When he is young he gaily goes,
When he is old he wobbles.

Then some are lovers fond and true,
And some are savage haters;
While many of the studious crew
Are fond of common "taters."

Like men they are,—their sense of drought
Oft leads to their undoin';
For thousands of them, hale and stout,
By beer are brought to ruin.

My argument will grammar crown,
And make the fact more sure ;
A "Cockroach" is a common noun,
A "man" can be no more.

Crush not his body 'neath thy sole,
No action could be baser ;
Erase him not from Nature's scroll,
This little inky racer.

The sight of him at close of day
Should stay your mind from slaying ;
How can you harbour Murder, pray,
While he, poor thing, is preying ?

Like men they are, of that I'm sure,
In all their walks and ways ;
Then let them crawl upon the floor,
Your mercy sweet to praise.

The Cockroach that I tell about
Was but a stripling still ;
His parents' hope without a doubt,
His Christian name was Will.

A hob he sat on, high and dry,
And warmed his little toes ;
What merry thoughts lit up his eye
There is no man that knows.

Why he sat there I do not know,
He chose the corner grim ;
'Twas carpeted with soot, and so
It may have suited him.

Perchance he meditated there
On love and all its joys ;
For hours of softness are a snare
To beetles as to boys.

He turned about to leave the place
When something met his sight ;
Unto the left he set his face,
That he might see aright.

Candle it was, which, thick or thin,
He much preferred to gas ;
So now he hasted to begin,
The feast of Candlemas.

It was not an Ozokeerit,
Nor wax, nor even mould,
But a dip-end, depend on it,
To him 'twas good as gold.

He listened, all things whispered " Peace " ;
He liked his new diversion ;
But though he meant to roam to Grease,
He feared a Cook's excursion.

Arithmetic he'd learned at school,
And understood reduction ;
So now in force he put the rule,
By aid of bites and suction.

He ate, and felt at every bite
His waisteoat getting tighter ;
The candle had been made to light,
Our cockroach made it lighter.

Yet still he ate ; one would have thought
He'd never have enough.
The grease he chewed, and liked the sport,
But quite eschewed the snuff.

Entered the cook, all wide awake,
With sundry bounds and hops,
She saw her perquisites at stake,
He sat and licked his chops.

A weapon dread to take his life
With violence she threw ;
And though 'twas but one dirty knife,
It cut him clean in two.

In love he had affliction seen,
And suffered some in war ;
But sure I am he'd never been
So much cut up before.

Home, home he wished himself conveyed ;
Alas ! he wished in vain.
He feared perhaps the kitchen-maid
Might come and cut again.

He was not sure, he thought she might,
And did not bless his lot.
He owned defeat, and he was right ;
She'd cut, but he could not.

He gladly would have cut his stick,
His groans he tried to muffle ;
'Twas clear that she had won the trick,
He couldn't even shuffle.

And still as rapid moments go
His deadly pain increases ;
To live in peace he liked—just so ;
But couldn't live in pieces.

A cockroach, as perhaps you know,
By one poor smashed one slain,
Pounded to death by sudden woe,
Is principally brain.

So let this curious fact be read
About this little rover ;
While man thinks only with his head,
The cockroach thinks all over.

Your thumb's tip-top, if cut away,
 Will doubtless cause you pain ;
 But stick it on without delay,
 And it will cleave again.

This is in surgery a truth,
 As probably you know ;
 The cockroach knew of it, forsooth,
 And tried to do it so.

The sundered halves one thought possessed,
 Each part was but half dead ;
 One half stepped back, the head and breast,
 The back part stepped ahead.

Wccp now, sweet friends, if dark or fair,
 And drop a silent tear :
 By reason of what he had there,
 His halves would not adhere.

Needs must he now knock at death's door,
 Through this swift amputation ;
 He did, for he could not endure
 So much abbreviation.

His corse a fellow-cockroach saw,
 All greasy and all gory ;
 A coroner was found to jaw,
 And then they found a jawry.

Awhile confined in secret den
 The jury cogitated,
 And several prosy jurymen
 Diverse opinions stated.

One got upon the truth, its track,
 Although his tongue was tied :
 "Zee cut—you sec—was—soo-his-back,
 So—'twasn't—soo-i-cide."

At last the foreman wound up, sad,
For day was fast approaching :
“The strongest weakness our friend had
We know was candle poaching ;
And in this hinstance, foolish lad,
The cockroach was hencroaching.

“No hatchet sharp can we discern,
With blood made ornamental,
Or we a verdict might return,
His death was axeydental.

“No dynamite did disunite
And put him out of pain,
For in that form of dyin’ no mite
Of him would now remain.

“No doubt it was the fiendish cook,
Though no one saw or heard her ;
And as Will was so full, why, look !
It must be ‘ Will full murder.’

“’Twas scandalous to be snuffed out,
And die in such a plight ;
Alas ! that we should have to shout,
Unhappy appetite.

“A ghost is he, oh ! sad decease,
All through his gobblin’ trick ;
He’d eaten so much candle grease,
His pieces wouldn’t stick.”



MY OLD DHUDEEN.

HENRY LLOYD.

AIR—"Love's Young Dream."

OH, the days are gone when lollypops
 My heart could move ;
 When sugar-sticks and almond rock
 Were my first love :
 Inventions sweet
 And succulent,
 Made childhood all serene ;
 Now there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As my old Dhudeen ;
 Yes, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As my old Dhudeen.

For the youth will tire at last of sweets
 When "down" appears,
 And he wears a collar in the streets
 That hides his ears :
 The vile "Pickwick"
 May make him sick,
 And turn his visage green,
 Yet there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As his old Dhudeen ;
 Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As his old Dhudeen.

Oh ! my early smoke I'll ne'er forget—
 That made me queer ;
 Or the time when I my parent met,
 Who pulled my ear.
 But now I'm old,
 And weak and cold,
 And on my stick I lean,
 And there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As my old Dhudeen ;
 Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As my old Dhudeen.

POTTS' VOW; IN TWO PARTS.

HENRY LLOYD.

PART I.

"WELL!" inquired the doctor, looking keenly at Potts, "and what is the matter with you?"

"Nervous," said Potts; "awfully nervous, and altogether out of sorts; I may say, out of all sorts of sorts."

"How is your appetite?"

"Good for liquids; bad for solids."

"Describe your symptoms."

"Trembling of the limbs, palpitation of the heart, pains at the back of the head and neck, no strength, no confidence in myself or my fellows, hate everything and everybody, beastly in temper, flurried, flushed, easily excited, careless, reckless, hopeless, and altogether indescribably and unutterably wretched." Here Potts gave a tremendous groan.

The doctor, who had been sniffing about for information, and so nosed a certain fact, said gravely, "Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"Much?"

"Pretty often."

"You must leave it off."

"What!" shrieked Potts.

"You must leave it off."

"Oh, doctor!" cried the wretched man, "do not say that; ask me to do anything else—to leave off eating, or drinking, or shaving, or sleeping—but not—oh, not smoking! I verily believe if it was not for my pipe I should die, or go out of my mind, or make away with myself."

"Nevertheless you must give up your pipe for a time," said the doctor sternly.

"I can't!" cried Potts with emphasis.

"Very well, sir," returned the doctor, with some show of heat; "if you prefer your tremblings and shakings, and quiverings and quakings, by all means continue to smoke your pipe; but" (and here the doctor looked very gravely) "you are in a bad way—in a bad way, sir."

"I know I am," cried Potts excitedly; "but is there no other way?"

"None whatever," replied the doctor. "Now, listen to me; I smoke tobacco and enjoy it, in moderate quantities. I have no doubt you have been trying to enjoy it in immoderate quantities, and you of course have failed. Instead of you feeding on the tobacco it has been feeding on you. Pray, sir, what time in the day do you smoke first?"

"I have a pipe or two before breakfast."

"Ah!"

"Then one or two after breakfast."

"Oh!"

"Then one before dinner."

"Yes!"

"Then I always smoke after dinner, and sometimes before tea."

"Well!"

"Then, after tea I commence to smoke—I mean, smoke regularly—because I have more time."

"And how much do you smoke in the evening?" inquired the doctor.

"Well, perhaps not more than seven or eight pipe-loads?"

"Oh! not *more* than that?"

"No, not more than that, without I sit up beyond my usual time; then I may smoke two or three more."

"I suppose you condescend to wait, after that, till the morning before you begin again?" inquired the doctor, with a look of suppressed indignation.

"Mostly," replied Potts. "Sometimes, when I cannot sleep, I get up and have a pipe or two in the middle of the

night, but certainly not more than three or four times a week."

"Mr. Potts," said the doctor, slowly and severely, "you must give up tobacco entirely for a time, or you will kill yourself."

The doctor was right. Potts had been making a drunkard and glutton of himself over the weed, and was in a very bad way.

Potts, overcome by the reasonings and threatenings of the doctor, at last took a solemn vow to give up the use of tobacco entirely for three whole months.

What torments Potts endured in that terrible three months can never be realised by any one who has not been similarly situated. The first week he nearly collapsed, but there was a touch of the hero in the man, and he determined, at any cost, to be true to his promise. And he was rewarded. His appetite returned, he gained flesh and strength and will, and found his nerves coming along quite saucy-like. At the end of the three months he was right well. The question was, had Potts forgotten his former love? We shall see.

PART II.

It was the last day of the three dreadful months.

The scene was a smoking-room at the house of a friend of the hero Potts. The time was ten minutes to midnight. On each side of a long table sat six men. Each man had a long pipe in his mouth, and a glass of something hot before him on the table. The twelve men sat and smoked with never a word. The silence made the scene dramatic; the soothing liquor made it mellow-dramatic. Sitting in a chair at the head of the table, with bright and eager eyes, was Potts. Before him, reposing on the mahogany, was a long, clean pipe, empty and unpolluted; beside it was tobacco.

Four-and-twenty eyes were directed to the clock as the non-smoker inquired, in anxious tones, "Is it time?"

Twelve deep voices replied, in various tones of consolation and reproof, "Not yet."

"How long have I to wait?" inquired the vow-keeper, who could not see the clock, for the reason that it had been placed behind him and he was forbidden to turn.

"Ten minutes more, and you are free," cried a sonorous voice.

"Ten minutes more!" groaned the victim. "Ten ages, you mean."

Tick, tick, tick, went the remorseless clock; and puff, puff, puff, went the twelve pipes.

At five minutes to twelve one cried, "You may pick up your pipe."

At four minutes to twelve one cried, "You may place tobacco in it."

At three minutes to twelve one cried, "You may take possession of a match."

Things were getting exciting.

At two minutes to twelve one cried, "Let us all drink to Potts, the vow-keeper."

All drank.

"Let us rise and await the striking of the clock," cried the leader. "Now, Potts, at the last stroke of twelve you may commence to smoke. Are you ready?"

"Y—e—e—s."

Amid deathlike silence the clock commenced to strike. It was a fearfully slow striker. It seemed to Potts to take about twenty minutes between each stroke, and he was counting the blows with every nerve he possessed. The man who made the clock was not aware of the fact, but he was the cause of a good deal of mental wickedness as regards Potts. Ten—eleven—twelve! at last went the clock, and flash went the match. In a moment the head of Potts disappeared in clouds of smoke; then his body went, and then the whole man. Never was there seen such an animated cloud. His companions rushed to the windows, flung them open, and hung out to gasp. Potts broke his pipe short to get nearer the tobacco. He was a

man of smoke. It seemed to come from his mouth, his nose, his ears, eyes, and hair; it seemed to come in little streams from his finger-tips, and out of his very boots. Mingled with his furious puffings were strange sounds, insane screeches, gigantic giggles, and shrill little laughs. Then Potts got off his chair, and danced round the room; then he lay with his back on the table, and kicked up his heels, frantic with delight. Two or three tumblers went rolling on the floor; but what cared Potts? He was restored to his darling, to his idol.

For an hour Potts was allowed to smoke. Then his pipe was taken from him, and he was escorted home.

From that time our hero has smoked in moderation, and enjoys his tobacco as all moderate smokers always will do, over and above their immoderate brethren.

A BALLAD OF A BAZAAR.

CAMPBELL RAE BROWN.

First Day.

HE was young, and she—enchanting!
She had eyes of tender grey,
Fringed with long and lovely lashes,
As he passed they seemed to say,
With a look that was quite killing,
“Won’t you buy a pretty flower?
Come, invest—well, just one shilling,
F’or the fairest in my bower!”
Though that bower was full of blossoms,
Yet the fairest of them all
Was the pretty grey-eyed maiden
Standing ’mong them, slim and tall,
With her dainty arms uplifted
O’er her figure, as she stood
Just inside the trellised doorway
Fashioned out of rustic wood;

And she pouted as he passed her,
 And that pout did so beguile,
 That he thought it more bewitching
 Than another's sweetest smile.
 Fair as tiny dew-dipped rosebuds
 Were the little rounded lips ;
 And the youth ransacked his pockets
 In a rhapsody of grips.
 Then he went and told her plainly
 That he'd not a farthing left,
 But would gladly pledge his " Albert ;"
 So with fingers quick and deft,
 She unloosed his golden watch-chain—
 Coiled it round her own white arm,
 Said she'd keep it till the morrow
 As a *souvenir*—a charm.

Second Day.

Full of hope, and faith, and fondness,
 He went forth at early morn,
 And paced up and down the entrance,
 Like a man that was forlorn.
 Thus for hour on hour he waited,
 Till they opened the bazaar ;
 Then she came with kindly greeting ;
 " Ah, well, so then, there you are !
 Come, now, go in for a raffle—
 Buy a ticket—half-a-crown."
 Ah, those eyes ! who *could* refuse them ?—
 And he put the money down.
 Then, enthralled, he stood and watched her—
 Sought each movement of that face,
 With its wealth of witching beauty,
 And its glory and its grace.
 When the raffling was over,
 Thus she spake in tones of pain :
 " You are really most unlucky—
 My—my *husband's* won *your chain* ! "



